

Bank Robber

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15585597) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15585597>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Marvel Cinematic Universe , Spider-Man - All Media Types , Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017) , Iron Man (Movies)
Relationship:	Tony Stark & Peter Parker
Character:	Tony Stark , Peter Parker
Additional Tags:	Prompt Fic , Tumblr Prompt , Tony Stark Has A Heart , Villain Tony Stark , my attempt at humor , don't take this story seriously you guys , its just a big crack fest , but you guys like it so i'll keep going
Language:	English
Collections:	Irongad Creators Awards 2021 - Nominations , Best of irondad and spiderson
Stats:	Published: 2018-08-06 Completed: 2019-11-27 Chapters: 13/13 Words: 21640

Bank Robber

by [Purplecat7](#)

Summary

“Wha..?” Peter slurs blinking heavy eyes.

“Shh, it's alright,” the villain said. “You’re doing beautifully and I’m so proud of you. But that's enough for now. It was cruel of them to make you fight me- you could never have won. It’s not your fault.”

Or supervillain Tony stark and Hero Peter Parker!

Based on tumblr prompt

The Bank

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Spider-man, What is your ETA?”

“Closing in on the last sighting point.”

“Keep us posted. Iron Man has been seen in the area.”

“Roger that, Spider-man out.”

There really was no feeling quite like web-slinging through the New York City streets. The energy of the always lively city thrummed through his bones as he soared above the cars and people, narrowly avoiding obstacles and posing mid-air for the many who cheered for him. It was a powerful and relaxing feeling which never failed to draw him out of any unpleasant moods. Today was no different and he felt electrified as he swung towards the last sighting of the supervillain Iron Man.

Anyone with half a brain knew that Tony Stark was Iron Man. The billionaire didn't attempt to hide it, and the only thing he didn't do was actually say he was Iron Man. The only reason he wasn't arrested was because despite how obvious it was that Tony Stark was Iron Man no one could find any solid proof of that fact. So SHIELD and a group of heroes called the Avengers would be called in to fight the man whenever he made an appearance. No one knew why he would rob banks and jewelry stores -he was one of the richest men on earth he wasn't exactly hurting for money- it was like the man was doing it just because he could.

Peter was not a part of SHIELD or the Avengers. He was a superhero who worked alone (most people called him a vigilante.) Today SHIELD had called in a favor he owed them to go and check out a bank robbery believed to be committed by Iron Man. The Avengers were currently out of the country and SHIELD just didn't have any agents to spare (or that's what they claim.) Honestly, Peter had a suspicion that SHIELD and the Avengers were simply grasping at straws. No one had been able to apprehend the villain yet and Peter had yet to try. It wasn't that he was actively avoiding the supervillain, he's just never had the chance to cross paths with him. Most of the time the Avengers were on the scene before he could even consider engaging Iron Man, so he never worried about it. It seemed today would be his chance to try his hand at taking him down.

Landing silently on the rooftop across from the bank Peter quickly scans the area for the flash of gold and black. The street was eerily silent, the only sign of Iron man the blasted open doors to the bank. He could hear police sirens in the distance as he quickly made his way to the doors and inside the building, eyes scanning across the empty bank that had minimal damage. An interesting fact about Iron Man was how polite he was for a supervillain. He almost never took hostages unless absolutely necessary and even then he never harmed them. He didn't do any unnecessary damage to whatever building or location he was attacking and Tony Stark would always pay for the damage done to the building. The emptiness of the bank lobby told Peter the villain had not taken any hostages this time. Straining his ears for any sounds of Iron Man only to squint his eyes in confusion. *Was that..?*

“...I am Iron Man.”

A surprised laugh bursts from the teen because, really? Iron Man is playing 'Iron Man' while robbing a bank. It somehow didn't even surprise him. Making his way towards the music that grows louder the deeper he goes into the bank. Although he finds the villain to be amusing and is a big fan of his snappy quips when fighting heroes Peter hasn't forgotten how dangerous this man is. One lapse in attention or wariness and he could wind up fatally injured or dead.

He finds him in the big safe located in the far back of the bank. The music is booming from the infamous black and gold suit as he uses one of his blasters to cut through the door. He was bopping his head along with the song as he worked and paused for a moment to sing into an invisible microphone in hand. Peter wondered for a moment if he had somehow managed to sneak up on this man until Iron Man, without breaking a beat in his singing, stuck his other hand out and shot him in his chest.

Of course, his spidey sense reacted a second before it hit his chest so it didn't help at all. Yelping in pain the teen catches himself against the wall before lunging away a second later to avoid the second blast. The next few moments consist of Peter narrowly dodging blasts from the suit and Iron Man continuing his one-man concert while opening the thick safe doors.

"Woah!" running up a wall and pushing off with a strong kick, Peter aims for Iron Man's vulnerable back. A strong hand clamps firmly around his ankle and a sickening crack is heard even over the music. Vision whiting out from the pain in his ankle Peter just barely manages to hold in a scream as he is thrown across the room. Lying on the floor he feels panic welling up in him, because how the hell does he beat this guy if he can't even touch him?

"Thanks for the workout!" The villain calls over his shoulder as he enters the vault through the hole he made in the door.

Forcing air out through his nose the teen forces himself to stand and ignores the pain throbbing up his leg. He has to stop him, he can't just lay there. Hobbling the first few steps to the opening he manages to push the pain to the back of his mind.

"Hey!" he snaps, eyes narrowing on the villain as he vacuums all of the money in the vault into a metal contraption resembling a case, "I'm going to need you to put that back!"

Iron Man freezes and turns slowly to the doorway but Peter doesn't wait to see if he will say anything and instead takes his chance. Quickly shooting a web at the chest plate he throws the villain into the wall of safes with a loud metallic crash. Wasting no time Peter throws the man back outside the safe into a wall before trying to quickly tie him up. A blast hits him in the chest again and he flies back into a wall and slides to the floor with a groan. He hears the metallic thud of the suit's boots as the villain draws towards him. A hand heavy with metal digs into his mask before yanking it off roughly, cursing the second it reveals his face.

"God *Dammit!*" The robotic voice snaps in anger.

He must have hit his head when he slammed into the wall because he barely even realizes his mask has been removed,

"I *can't* believe they sent a *child* to fight me! What the fuck is wrong with them!" A harsh voice rants, "Who sends a kid to fight a supervillain?! *Fuck!*"

"Wha..?" Peter slurs blinking heavy eyes.

“Shh, it's alright,” the villain said. “You’re doing beautifully and I’m so proud of you. But that's enough for now. It was cruel of them to make you fight me- you could never have won. It’s not your fault.”

“Nnh--” Peter gasps trying to force his eyelids up, “I- can't let you leave- ugh.”

There was a sigh than a sound of something opening. Warm metallic hands gently clasp his cheeks and lift his uncooperative eyes to look at him. Or rather at the face of Tony Stark that was now visible with the faceplate lifted up.

“You did good kid,” he assures, “you just lay here and rest. You saved the day and I didn't get any of the money. You chased me off.” He feels his mask being secured back on his head, the hands gentle and careful to avoid the tender spot on his skull.

Brows furrowed in confusion, his slow mind trying to piece together what's happening he can do little more than watch as the villain stands walks off, leaving Peter alone with his darkening vision.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you guys thought! I wrote this in about 20 mins so there are probably some mistakes, feel free to point them out! I saw this prompt and Peter and Tony immediately popped in my head. I know its a little short but I didn't plan for it to be long soo yeah.

Thanks for reading!

In the Dark of the Night

Chapter Notes

Wow!! I was not expecting the response I got just over the night!! Some of the comments that were left with suggestions of new chapters really struck a cord with me and I ended up writing this. Its not anyone's exact request but because of all the suggestions i'm going to turn this one-shot into a drabble series. The chapters won't be super long but that just means i'll write them relatively quickly. I will leave it marked as complete but i'll add on chapters as you guys request things and if I have any ideas. That being said Enjoy the new chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So, let me make sure I have this right,” Fury drawls deceptively lazy from his spot behind the desk. “You- a newbie hero, who has only ever fought petty thieves, helped little old ladies, and stopped a few bank robberies by normal citizens, somehow managed to just chase Iron Man off. Is that what you are telling me?”

“Uh, yeah.” The teen stammers.

“Well, that has to be the worst lie I’ve ever heard in my life.” Fury retorts.

Awkwardly scratching the back of his neck through his mask, he wonders why he is even attempting to lie to this man. He obviously is not fooled in the slightest and is slowly reaching the end of his patience, but really what else was he supposed to do? Say, *‘Oh you're right! I wasn't able to chase him off! The only reason he left was because he pitied me once he realized I was a teenager and wouldn't fight me!’* Honestly, Fury would probably still think he was lying. Well, that and Peter didn't really want to talk about how the man knew he was a teenager. Who knew what the man would do if he found out that Peter had been unmasked by the supervillain and the supervillain had shown his own face in turn.

“Look,” Peter snips, “I am tired, I’m sore, and I just want to go home and sleep for a week. I’ve told you what happened three times now and I can't help it if you don't believe me. I am not one of your agents nor an Avenger. The only reason I even agreed to debrief with you is because I respect you but I’m done.”

His head had been throbbing ever since he woke up in a SHIELD medical room. He was told he had a large bump on the back of his head and somehow didn't have a concussion and his ankle was broken. With his amplified healing that just meant a few days to a week staying at home and taking a break from his spider-man duties. He had to wear a special boot instead of a cast and he was given very firm directions to not take it off until he was told he could (as if.) To make matters worse, since Peter refused to let the SHIELD doctors unmask him they had been forced to simply cut up his suit where his injuries were. So that would be fun to pay for. Right now he just wanted to sleep and if Fury didn't dismiss him then the teen was going to jump out of his window.

Silently watching the young hero Fury finally waves a dismissive hand. “Fine, you're free to go. I'll just have to take your story as the truth because we don't have any evidence that suggests

otherwise.”

Standing to leave Fury calls out after him, “But make no mistake, I will be watching you closely.”

After a thorough check-up from Aunt May, some spun tale about falling down a couple stairs at the library and rolling his ankle the wrong way plus hitting his head, Peter finally gets to curl up in his bed with a groan. He was exhausted. Rolling to his stomach he immediately regrets it because a flare of pain rushes up his spine beginning at a tender spot on his chest. Pushing up from his bed he hobbles over to his mirror to inspect his chest.

There was an angry red mark on the center of his chest, most of the open areas were either scabbed or healed already. Gently feeling along the burn Peter decides it should be fine although it would definitely leave a scar. Making his way back to his bed he doesn't see the half-built Lego Millennium Falcon until it's too late.

Peter, if asked, would have vehemently denied that any form of undignified squeak left his mouth when he fell, and maybe someone would have believed him. Too bad he had a witness who very clearly heard the high pitched sound.

A firm warm hand caught him seconds before he would have landed on the floor and gently guided the disoriented teen to sit on the edge of his bed.

“You have bad luck, kid.”

Jolting when his tired brain finally puts together that someone is in his room and then just who exactly it was Peter tries to struggle to his wobbly feet only to be pushed firmly but gently back to the bed.

“Hey calm down,” Tony Stark- *Iron Man*- soothes, “I’m not here to hurt you,” Dark eyes slowly take in the teens injuries, “not any more than I already have.”

“What are you doing here?” Peter splutters, “How did you even find my house? Did you *follow me*-”

“*Peter*.” The old man snaps, “Calm down. You are going to aggravate your head.”

Eyes opening wide in shock his mouth gapes as he stares at Tony. Tony Stark, Iron Man, One of the most powerful villains in New York -maybe even the country- not only knows where he lives, but his *name*.

Shit.

“Hey- no kid stop freaking out,” Tony demands. “I am not here to hurt you or your aunt. I wanted to uh- well check on you.” He ends sheepishly.

Peter wonders if his hearing had been damaged in the fight because he couldn't have heard that right.

“What?” he croaks.

Groaning into his hands Tony steps back and begins pacing in the small room and Peter takes a

moment to observe him and gather his bearings. The man was wearing a light grey suit jacket over a band t-shirt and black slacks. He had his signature glasses perched on his nose and his hair was tousled stylishly. None of his observations helped him wrap his mind around the situation because he was still really tired.

“Look I have no idea how you got in here or how you figured out where I am or who I am,” Peter slurs sleepily as he begins snuggling back into his bedspread. “But I am too tired for this right now so I’m going to bed and you can do whatever as long as it doesn't hurt my aunt.”

He thinks the older man may have said something along the lines of, “*I’m Tony Stark this was cake.*” But he was falling into the sweet embrace of sleep before he could make sense of it. His last thought was about how nice the hand in his hair felt.

Sunlight poured in through the window the next morning. Its bright light cutting across Peter’s peacefully sleeping face as he dreamed of simple things like the ocean, the blue sky, and home. When the teen woke the first thing his eyes would see would be a brown paper bag sitting inconspicuously on his desk, a light blue sticky note pressed to the front with a simple message.

‘You did good.’

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought and feel free to leave any requests (also for those of you who already left requests that weren't answered with this chapter, don't worry i'll get to it!!)

D O N U T

Chapter Summary

Tony finding out Peter skips meals sometimes (Requested by peachblvg)

Chapter Notes

I dissected a few prompts a smidge and this is one of them lol. Don't worry though peachblvg, i'll still do the rest of your prompt just in a separate chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

'What kind of supervillain gives a superhero donuts as congratulations?' was Peter's first thought when he opened the brown paper bag the next morning, because really? *Donuts??*

They were so good and he ate all four of them at once.

By the time he had actually gotten up for the day May had already left for work -she left a note that said she called the school to let them know he wouldn't be in- and the city was in full swing. The teen was rummaging through the kitchen for food -his healing factor makes him hungry ok?!- mentally calculating how many hours he would need to work to cover the cost to fix his suit when someone began knocking at the door. He narrows his eyes suspiciously at the door as he slowly closes the refrigerator which only has condiments in it. He wasn't sure why but something told him he knew exactly who was on the other side of that door.

The best course of action is to ignore him so Peter turns and makes his way to the bathroom deciding now was a great time for a long relaxing bath. His apartment wasn't fancy by any means. There were cracks in the wall, water stains on the ceiling, and sometimes the AC and heat just broke. But they had a jacuzzi tub in the master bathroom and it was definitely the highlight of their apartment. Twisting the knobs until the water is just warm enough to turn his whole body red but not actually burn him. He feels no shame at all pouring almost half a bottle of bubbles into the water. He strips off his shirt and begins to pull his sweatpants down only to see his bulky boot. That he can't take off. Great. Groaning the teen chucks his shirt on the floor before venturing back out into the living room to find a trash bag to put over the boot.

Safe to say he was not expecting to find Tony Stark lounging nonchalantly on his beat-up sofa. His reaction was to chuck whatever was nearest to him at the intruder and that just happened to be a water bottle. Peter would be lying if he said he didn't laugh when he watched the plastic bottle connect with the billionaire's face and knock him off the couch.

Ok maybe he threw it a *little* too hard but honestly, he didn't care.

“What the fuck!” the man snaps while pushing up from the floor.

“No that's what *I'm* saying to *you*!” Peter yells back, “You break into my house last night after handing my ass to me and leave me donuts -what was up with that?!- and now here you are again breaking into my house and what did you expect me to do!?”

The billionaire throws his hands in the air and glares at the teen. “I don't know! Maybe a thank you for the donuts?!”

“*Well then thank you!*” Peter snarls, “*The donuts were really good!*”

“*You're welcome!*” Tony roars back.

The silence in the house afterward was ringing. Peter's chest was heaving as he stared down the older male and Tony looked furious as he glared right back. The whole situation was insane and Peter didn't know how else to react. He must have pissed someone off because this just isn't fair.

“God damn kid, do you even eat?”

Blinking away the red haze that had covered his vision Peters brows draw together in confusion, “What?”

“Your ribs! I could probably count each one!”

What even was his life now? He honestly couldn't believe it he had a supervillain concerned about his eating habits. What the hell. What was wrong with this guy? He is supposed to be the stuff of nightmares. No one wants to go head to head with this man. Peter meets him one time and it results in the man leaving all of the money he had already had in his suitcase and letting Peter take credit for ‘stopping him.’ then he breaks into his house and leaves him donuts and then breaks in the next day to lounge around his house and question his eating habits.

Why him?

“No really kid,” Tony says seriously from where he is suddenly standing in front of him. “Why are you so thin?”

“I'm not- wait no why are you here!” He needed to stop getting sucked in by the man's charm and not focusing on the real issues.

“I wanted to make sure you liked the donuts.”

“I'm done.”

“Wait! Wait!” Tony yells running after the teen as he retreats back to the master bathroom.

Ignoring the man behind him Peter rounds the doorway to the bathroom and feels shock bleed through him.

The bathroom was absolutely flooded with bubbles.

The roar of the faucet still going is heard from somewhere in the giant mass of bubbles. Groaning Peter hobbles into the mess to try and stop it before it gets any worse. *‘May was going to kill him.’*

“Woah! Bubble wonderland!”

He doesn't answer the man and gropes blindly through the bubbles while trying desperately not to slip on the slick floor. Finally reaching the overflowing tub Peter manages to shut it off right as a body bumps into his back and brings them both to the floor.

“Holy crap what did you do in here?”

“I was trying to take a bath before you broke into my house,” Peter groans.

Tony shifts next to him trying to push up from the slick tile, “You are aware water goes in the tub correct?”

Deciding his middle finger says all that needs to be said Peter slowly sits up and looks over at the villain sprawled next to him in their bubble cave. Tony’s head is covered in bubbles and his outfit is soaked. Peter can’t look much better if the incredulous look the older man is giving him is any indication. Not knowing what else to do Peter simply laughs. He has already accepted he will never understand the supervillain who for some reason seem d to like him.

After a moment Tony joins peters quiet laugh with a few chuckles of his own.

After a mental breakdown or two on the floor of his bathroom, Tony helps him to stand and they both awkwardly walk/skate from the destroyed room. The man sets the teen down on the couch in the living room before disappearing into the other smaller bathroom. After a few minutes of silence, he returns and fiddles with something on the wall. A few minutes later a group of what looks like maids floods through the door and back into the bathroom with Tony barking orders. Peter at this point couldn't care less and is on a mission for waffles he knows are in the freezer. Ten minutes (and ten waffles) later the maids flood back out and Tony catches a delivery guy and ushers him in.

Two pizza boxes, a box of breadsticks, and a two liter of pop now sit on the counter as the guy goes on to bring in groceries and begins loading up the house.

“Uhm what are you doing,” Peter question finally finding his voice.

“I’m giving you food spider baby,” Tony replies, “and I cleaned your bathroom.”

“Technically *he* is giving me food, and the *ladies* cleaned my bathroom.”

“Yeah, but *I* paid for it.”

“No the *bank* did because you steal everything.”

“You are an annoying brat.”

Later, after Tony has left Peter just as confused as he was when he arrived and his house looks like a cleaning food giving tornado has swept through, Peter paints some story about how he had some extra money and bought groceries so May wouldn't have too. She gets mad and tells him he doesn't need to buy anything for the house and how is her job and Peter smiles and says he loves her.

What is his life honestly?

Chapter End Notes

Guys! Guys! I am in love with the response this story is getting! I am so happy you all like the story so much! Please keep letting me know what you think and what you would like to see!

I may post another one today not sure.

Why Are You Running?

Chapter Summary

Tony finds out how poor Peter is and begins leaving him gifts in random places
(Requested by peachblvg and DrEmpen)

and a little conversation piece I stole from Col lie- “Why did you become a villain?”
“Oh Insurance fraud, I was stealing my own money. Why did you become spider baby?”

Chapter Notes

FanaticFangirl2602 commented and asked what suit Peter wears. I answered on her comment but I know not everyone is going to scroll through them so I'm going to answer here as well!

I imagine Peter is wearing a suit that is home made. I imagine it as a reaaaally low budget Spider-Man suit with goggles for eye wear. So not a hoodie and sweatpants but not his Spider-Man suit level either (not yet at least ;))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Aunt May!” Peter calls as he stuffs books into his bag. “Have you seen my jacket!”

“It’s in the kitchen!” she yells back.

He finds his jacket slung on one of their old chairs along with a twenty dollar bill. Brow furrowing the teen picks up the bill and wonders just what it was doing there. Maybe May dropped it. Deciding it had to be that Peter slips it into her purse before pulling his jacket on and running out the door calling a goodbye to May behind him. It had been a week since the *incident* - as he was now calling it. His foot was in perfect condition and his head was healed. The only evidence he had left of the *incident* was the scar that was on the center of his chest. He really hoped that he never had to explain to May how that happened.

On a normal day, Peter would have an alarm set for five in the morning at which point he would decide whether or not he wanted to do a quick patrol before school. If he decided he was going to he would get up and leave a note for May saying he went to use the computers at the library before school and then he would do a few rounds before heading to school and changing in an alleyway nearby. If he decided he wouldn't patrol then he would sleep for another two hours and then get up get ready then catch the bus.

It would be amazing if he even *had that choice anymore* .

Since he was a poor, poor soul he couldn't afford to fix his suit at the moment. Honestly, he should just make SHIELD pay for it since they were the ones who tore it up in the first place. Maybe the

suit was a little messed up from his fight with He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named-Lest-He-Appear but SHIELD definitely did the majority of the damage. Probably. But that didn't even matter because he knows if SHIELD gave him a suit they would most likely put a tracker in it so they could find out his identity and then rule his life with an iron fist. Yeah, no thanks.

Catching the bus just before it shuts the doors, he fails to notice the bag resting on the bench he normally waits at.

“Are you still coming to my house later?” Ned asks as he follows the other teen to his locker.

“Duh,” Peter answers as he grabs the lock and spins in the combination, “we’ve had this Star Wars marathon planned for months, I wouldn’t just bail.”

“Good because I already bought the snacks, including twizzlers since you seem to love the disgusting things.”

Peter laughs and pulls open his locker, “You’re just mad because no one wants to eat your- huh?”

Raising his eyebrow, Ned leans around his friend's shoulder and sees an expensive looking basket filled with different types of hygienic products. Name brand one too so they are obviously expensive.

“Well that’s weird,” Ned supplies.

“What the hell!” Peter says shocked, “Is someone trying to say I *smell*?”

His supposed best friend cackles loudly and Peter mutters under his breath while snatching the basket from his locker. He didn't need anyone's pity and he didn't need to be someone's joke. He got enough crap from Flash and he wasn't taking this too.

“Woah! Hey no, wait!” Ned yells grabbing the handle of the basket before it can fall into the trash can Peter all but flung it into. “Dude, you can’t just throw this away!”

“Why the hell not?” Peter snaps.

“Seriously?” he gasps. “Peter, this is probably a couple hundred dollars worth of products! It's so wasteful to just throw them away!”

“Then *you* take it!”

Ned glares and snatches the basket from the other teen. “Peter stop. I know you get all prickly the second you think someone is making you the butt of the joke or god forbid pitying you but this isn't something you just *throw away*.”

Peter feels the steam leaving him as Ned talks and he just knows he’s going to end up taking the basket. He knew Ned was right and honestly, he was almost out of deodorant and he didn't want May to have to get him some so this was helpful. He’s just been on edge lately ever since the incident and it had been making him a smidge sensitive. Ok, maybe a lot sensitive if the look on Ned's face was anything to go by.

“Fine!” he snaps grabbing the basket and shoving it back in his locker.

Of course, he really shouldn't have been shocked when Ned asked him who his sugar daddy was while they were walking to class.

His day only got weirder as it went on.

After finding the basket in his locker he showed up to his first class only to see a box of expensive pens and mechanical pencils. In his chemistry class, he found protective goggles that had a sensor if a substance was becoming unstable waiting for him. In Spanish, a book was waiting with all of the best and easiest ways to remember the language was on his desk. At lunch, he was told five hundred dollars had been added to his account.

He knows he has said it before but what in the absolute fuck?

It wasn't until he was leaving school in a daze from the crazy day that it all clicked into place. Or rather seeing the sleek black car with a certain genius billionaire, not so secret villain, *He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named-Lest-He-Appear* leaning lazily against it.

Maybe he had a kid and he was picking him up.

Quickly ducking into a group of teenagers before the man can spot him Peter takes a second to freak out. Of course, it was him! The guy was the weirdest person Peter had ever met. Because really who absolutely wipes the floor with someone, changes their mind and lets them take the glory for 'winning', brings them donuts after breaking into their house, breaks into their house again the next day, fills said house with food and hires maids for the bathroom that was flooded with bubbles?? A psycho that's who and Peter was not going to associate with him-

"Hey, kid! It's rude to hide from your mentor!"

Peter doesn't think he just full out sprints away.

Because fuck that.

When he woke up that morning he hadn't thought it would end with him running from a car as it speeds after him with a crazy supervillain shouting at him from the sunroof.

"I just want you to take this sweater!" the man shouts, *"it's starting to get cold!"*

"What is wrong with you?!"

"Nothing! I am a concerned adult!" Tony yells, *"What do I do if you get sick??"*

Ducking into an alleyway the teen cackles at the panicked orders he hears Tony shouting at the driver - *'Happy follow him! What do you mean "fuck off"?? You Fuck off! I am your boss!' -* skidding around a corner to another street he sets his sights on the library and puts all of his energy into making it to the door. If he can just get inside he can disappear into the many rows of bookcases or go into the archives in the basement.

He hears tires screeching behind him as he disappears through the doors with a slam.

“Why did you become a villain?”

“Oh Insurance fraud, I was stealing my own money. Why did you become spider-baby?”

“You are a lying dick,” Peter says blandly.

“I have been called worse.”

He got caught by the older man within ten seconds of entering the library. After a quick tussle which resulted in the villain getting a nice red bite mark on his forearm and broken sunglasses they found themselves lounging in the kids reading area on small bean bags. Peter was sprawled on his back with only his butt and lower back actually on the bean bag and Tony was laying across three bright pink bean bags posed on his side.

“I became spider- *man* ” he glares at Tony, “because my uncle was murdered. It was my fault and if I had just done something instead of standing there like an idiot maybe he would still be here today.”

“I’m sure it wasn’t your fault,” Tony says quietly.

Laughing sarcastically the teen answers, “ I was pissed off because he told me that I couldn’t go to Neds because there had been murders in the area. I snuck out and he followed me. He got murdered because I’m selfish.”

Instead of taking the opportunity to deny what the teen has said Tony only hums, not in agreement or disagreement. After a few moments of silence, Tony says, “you know kid. I’ve been in many bad situations in my life. Many of them are ones I found myself in because I was an immature man with too much money. What I’ve realized is that instead of beating myself up over it, I have to learn from those situations. I wouldn’t be the man I was today if I hadn’t gone through them. There are days I would give anything to go back and fix what I’ve done but I can’t. The only thing I can do is move forward.”

“A lot of people would say the man you’ve become isn’t good.” Peter answers, “like at all.”

Sitting up with a sigh Tony throws one of the softest sweaters Peter has ever felt at his face. “Yeah well, I’ve also learned that you can’t please everyone. You can only do what’s right.”

Tony pushes up from the bean bags and waves as he makes his way out of the unicorn-themed room. “I have some meetings I need to go to, kid, see you around. And stop trying to throw away my gifts!”

Peter has nothing to say to the man so he just waves half-heartedly from under the sweater. Why was he hanging out with a villain like nothing was wrong with that you ask? Peter has no idea and feel free to let him know when you figure it out. All he knows is that he doesn’t know what kind of a guy Tony is.

He just isn’t a bad guy that’s for sure. Something is going on that no one knows about and Peter will figure it out one way or another.

I am so happy you guys are liking the story! I am in loooove with the comments and suggestions you guys are giving I truly am! Please keep commenting what you want to see, who you want to see, and anything you want to say!

also some sad news :(

i'm going on vacation tomorrow until Sunday so it is very unlikely I will be posting anything until then. I may be able to get in another chapter or so before I leave tomorrow but I won't promise anything and disappoint you guys.

Buuut I have another story -that is complete- called Your Small Hand In Mine. Its a superfamily fic and has a bit of a more serious tone but still a pretty fluffy fic. I've started the sequel as well but it isn't finished. feel free to check it out!

Ok i'm done shamelessly promoting my other stories let me know what you think and keep those requests coming!

Housecalls

Chapter Summary

Tony becoming super interested in Spider-man and all of the things he is capable of and Peter talking to Tony about how he became spider-man (Requested by Sea_Odder)

Shield's reaction to Tony Stark following around a kid? Maybe they think he's trying to recruit him and send Nick Fury to try and recruit Peter first? (Requested by Zan)

Tony being overprotective of Peter (Requested by Angel and many others indirectly)
<- this will continue into the next chapter

Chapter Notes

Very very very small mentions to past sexual abuse but i'm still putting this here so everyone knows.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ok, so what exactly do your powers entail?”

“Why are you in my room!?” Peter snaps, clutching the blanket to his chest. “And why are you wearing that?!”

Tony raises an eyebrow while putting his hands on his hips. While wearing his *Iron Man suit in his bedroom, in his house.*

“I can't always stop and change before I come to see you.” the older man retorts.

“I don't know why you come to see me at *all.*”

Cooing mockingly at the teen Tony goes on, “no but really what all does your mutation do? What are your powers?”

“You are so lucky May is at work right now otherwise your head would be smashed in with a baseball bat.” Sitting up and scrubbing his face he continues, “but I am not a mutant. I got bit by a radioactive spider and-”

“*What?*” Tony shouts, “*Where the hell did you find a radioactive spider?!*”

Pushing up from the bed and past the older man Peter makes his way to the kitchen because he needed coffee for this. The loud thunk thunk of the suits heavy feet follows him and he winces for his neighbors. Saturday morning and a giant metal suit is stomping around. When Peter tried to grab some coffee grounds they were slapped out of his hand and then Tony went on a rant about

how he read somewhere caffeine was bad for kids - "where did you read that?" "The daily potato, but that's not the point"- and then gave him a giant glass of orange juice he pulled from seemingly nowhere.

"Where did you get bitten by a radioactive spider." It wasn't a question it was a demand.

"Well we went to Oscorp and its possible that I wandered where I wasn't supposed to and I got bitten," Peter says sheepishly. "The next morning after a night of what I had thought was a really bad flu I woke up like this."

"What does *this* mean exactly."

"I can climb almost any surface, way agiler, enhanced strength, better healing, basically a bunch of enhanced senses and the like." Taking a swig of his juice his eyes light up, "Oh! And I have this thing, I call it a Spider-Sense, it warns me when something bad is about to happen. Well, when I say warn I mean like three seconds before it happens but I have like really good reflexes."

Tony nodded slowly before his faceplate slammed back shut. "JARVIS, call Angela and tell her we are suing Oscorp."

Eyes bulging Peter quickly stands up, "Uh what? You can't sue him!"

His faceplate lifts again and reveals Tony's cold glare. "*Him*? What do you mean *him*? I said Oscorp not him."

"Well I go to school with Norman Osborn's son, Harry, and he was just saying last week how Norman hasn't been feeling well lately. Apparently, he hasn't been acting the same and like talks, to himself, a lot and acts scared."

"And how is that my problem?" Tony snaps.

"He can't handle something like a lawsuit right now!" Peter snaps back. "Besides what would you even sue them for? Blame them for creating Spider-man? That will just make them try and claim rights to me."

"Unsafe lab conditions." He sniffs. "If a teenager can somehow sneak into an area that should be on lockdown then they aren't following proper procedures."

"And how are you going to prove it? You can't use me as an example."

"I will pay someone with a weird face to say they were injured in a lab at Oscorp from their crappy security."

"I hate you."

Doodling absentmindedly in the margins of his textbook Peter stares at the long line of equations on the board. He already solved them ten minutes ago but others in the class were struggling with them and so the teacher had to explain it slowly and go over each step. He didn't have a problem with it, he didn't think himself above the other students simply because he could put two and two together quicker and easier. It just gave him time to seriously question what he was doing with his life.

The first time Tony had broken into his house Peter should have contacted Nick Fury and let him know what was happening. The teen knew that if he were to strike a deal with the man it wouldn't be anything easy for him. Most likely Fury would have demanded the teen join SHIELD or the Avengers (practically the same thing) and give up his identity. Which was a no from Peter hence why he didn't contact the man and instead tried to deal with the situation on his own. And the longer he spent time with the Supervillain the more Peter questioned if he was even really a villain at all. Yeah, the guy robbed banks (less lately) and sometimes he would hold a guy or two hostage and he had killed a handful of people...

Ok, that sounds like a villain but he always seemed to have a reason. For example one of the guys he'd killed was later revealed to be a child rapist which really made Peter upset- It brought up bad memories which he was *not* going to think about in English. Just no.

But He had done some digging and found that every one of the people Iron Man had killed had a dark background of some kind. All of the banks he robbed either had their hands in some more than questionable places or had people with questionable activities storing a whole lotta money in them. Oh great now he was finding excuses for all of the shit Tony has done. What was wrong with him?

"Hey, Peter!" Ned whispers suddenly, "*Did you get the invite to Liz's party?*"

Oh great. Liz. Beautiful Liz. Liz who had rejected him a week ago because he isn't emotionally available enough. She said he skipped out of A.V. club practice too much and never really had any actual excuse (it's not like he can say he is a superhero.) The saddest part was that he wasn't even as upset as he thought he'd be. He had been disappointed by being rejected after working up the courage to even ask but in the end, he had almost been relieved. They agreed to still be friends but that didn't mean Peter wasn't a little tense. It was just awkward because he worried she was offended by his lack of reaction to her rejection. He deflated a little but that was about it and his lack of reaction honestly just proved her point about his emotions.

"Yeah," he answers, keeping an eye that the teacher's back stays turned, "*its this weekend right?*"

"Yeah. *It's the day before we leave for D.C.*"

Well crap, he'd forgotten about that. Well, it wasn't like he couldn't go, he still wasn't able to do his Spider-Man duties with his suit out of commission. Muttering a response to Ned about how May would pick them up he leans away before the teacher can catch them talking.

It was strange how easily people broke into his house.

Well ok, maybe it wasn't strange because their little apartment wasn't exactly Fort Knox. What was strange was how many people actually went out of their way. And By people, he meant Tony and now apparently Nick Fury.

Yay.

"Who are you?" Peter snaps, annoyed that he has to play the part of a confused civilian (secret identity anyone?) and that he even broke into his house in the first place.

"That's what I'm here to ask you." Fury answers coolly from where he's lounging in their beat-up recliner.

Narrowing his eyes the teen sets his book bag on the counter with a thud.

“I’m Peter-”

“Parker. Yes, I know.” Fury says in a bored tone of voice. “You go to Midtown high, you live with your aunt who is gone most of the day at work as a nurse. You work at a local deli, a grocery store, and a pizza place when you can fit it in. You get straight A’s although your math grade sometimes drops to an A-. You have a friend named Ned Leeds with whom you spend the most time with. An average, although quite poor, teenager. My question though is why is Tony Stark suddenly so interested in you?”

Well shit.

Nick Fury was many things. Stupid was not one of them.

So when he noticed that Tony Stark -A.K.A. Iron Man- had suddenly taken an interest in A teenager named Peter Parker it didn't take long for him to dig into the teen's life to try and figure out why.

It took even less time to figure out he was Spider-Man.

Because really. Anyone with eyes could see he was Spider-Man. There were so many times the kid simply climbed into his window still in full gear or stripped in a random alleyway. It was amazing no one else had figured it out yet. Or actually, it was shocking that only one had figured it out before Fury himself. Of course, it had to be dick head of the century.

Looking at the teen in front of him now it was almost surreal to realize this child was a superhero. He had exchanged blows with, while not quite the level of villains that Avengers fought, they were still stronger than any teenager would think to fight. Not to mention he had fought Iron Man, survived the fight, and somehow managed to stop the robbery. He would have just looked into the security cameras but the supervillain had disabled them all. It had been pure luck he’d managed to find out Peter was Spider-Man because Tony had blurred his face out in all of the cameras from before their fight when it looked like you could see his features from a hole in the mask. He had also deleted all footage that led back to the kid's house but had missed a small five-second video some drunk idiot had posted on snapchat. If you looked close enough you could see a red and blue blur in the background climbing into a window. When he traced the video's location and then pinpointed where the hero had been going he found the home of May and Peter Parker. It was then all of the pieces fell into place.

If he was honest with himself it had been relieving to realize the teen was Spider-Man and alive. He was beginning to worry after the red and blue hero disappeared from the hero world after being released from SHIELD headquarters.

But now that he knew the truth he had so much fun to have.

He owed Tony so much after all. It was going to be great messing with him.

“I’m with an organization called SHIELD,” he begins, “and we have noticed that Tony Stark who is very likely to be Iron Man has been spending an awful lot of time here recently. We would like to extend you a place with SHIELD for protection and training if you so wish-”

“No thanks.” the teen interrupts.

Face scrunching up in a scowl at being interrupted Fury opens his mouth to question the teen only to be interrupted again.

“Look I’m already completely booked with a club at my school and work as you so wonderfully pointed out earlier.” he digs through his cabinets and continues, “and I have no idea why Tony Stark, whom you have no proof of being Iron Man, by the way, is interested in me. I’m just a boring little nobody.”

“Well, that’s a lie kid.”

Blowing air out through his nose Fury turns to glare at the billionaire now standing in the doorway leveling him with a truly menacing glare. Striding over to where the teen is it doesn't escape Furry's notice how Tony positions himself so Peter is no longer visible.

Great now he had an angry supervillain on his hands.

Have you ever kicked someone in the balls?

What about someone who really deserved the swift kick of justice to their nutsack? That wonderful feeling of righteousness as your boot made contact and you just knew you fucked them up.

That feeling is what Tony feels like every time he fucks up some dipshits plans. Stealing all of some wannabe gangsters money right before he can buy children stolen from their parents? Felt great. Rescuing those kids and returning them home -secretly, of course, can't ruin his villainous persona. Wonderful.

However, there were times he got so angry it felt like he was going to burst into flames.

The moment he had pulled off the mask of Spider-Man and saw those big young puppy eyes looking back at him he felt rage fly through him. Because, goddamnit who sends a *child* to fight a supervillain? Tony had thought Fury better than that but the man proved him wrong. Being the gentleman he is Tony of course quickly defused the situation and fled to a nearby roof to make sure the kid was taken care of. He then followed him home -don't judge him, he was only concerned- and gave the kid donuts and made sure his wounds were taken care of.

He really had planned for it to end there but the teen's reactions and easy banter with him drew the man in. It had been years since he had such an easy swoop of conversation with someone, even if 90% of it was Peter threatening him, and it was nice. He was aware his actions to someone on the outside may appear slightly creepy but he only wanted to help out the kid and actually enjoy another's presence. He hadn't had great human interaction since Pepper and she... well, she wasn't in the picture any longer.

Shockingly Tony actually enjoyed pampering the kid. He usually loathes to spend money on brats but Peter was so far from being a brat and so achingly unselfish that Tony just had to smother the kid with gifts. It was impossible for him not to.

But now he was pissed. He was furious, enraged even and all because of the man lounging in his kids- his presently favorite human's chair.

Honestly, he didn't see this meeting ending any other way than someone leaving with an ass whooping.

And it sure as hell wasn't going to be him and *definitely* not Peter.

Chapter End Notes

I ended up getting home early which was very nice because i'm tired XD

Thank you to everyone who wished me a good vacation and being understanding to why I wouldn't be able to post!

I loooooove your requests and comments you guys! I'm so excited to write them UGH! Let me know what you thought of this chapter and any more requests. If you aren't sure whether or not someone else has already requested something either still request it and I'll add your username to the request or scroll through and check if someone else has!

I was half asleep when I posted this so please feel free to point out any mistakes and I'll fix them ASAP

Hope you guys enjoyed and i'll see you tomorrow with another chapter!

Epic Face-off between Angry Dad Tony and Angry Cat Fury

Chapter Summary

Tony reveals that Peter is a pressure point and potential weak-spot and has to run damage control. Or just threatens to go nuclear if SHIELD ever touches 'his' kid. Mutually assured destruction for the win. Meanwhile Peter is sat with head in hands wondering why this is his life. (Requested by A. Nonny Mouse)

Tony being overprotective of Peter (Requested by Angel and many others indirectly)
Continued

Fury tells Peter he wanted to check he wasn't dead, Peter informs him that it's SHIELD's fault his suit is wrecked, and Tony immediately starts designing him a new one while being as much of an asshole to Fury as possible. (Requested by A. Nonny Mouse)

Chapter Notes

I have an explanation for my super tardiness at the end of this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ok let’s not tiptoe around the topic here,” Fury stands from the chair and slides his hand slightly closer to his gun holster. “I know you’re Ironman and I know you’re Spider-Man.”

Peter feels the blood drain from his face as icy panic stabs through him. Fury *knew*. How could he know? Peter was so careful! Or maybe he wasn’t that careful since Fury knew. He was going to have to work with SHIELD now or the Avengers whenever they told him too. Fury held his life in his hands and he could make him do whatever because the only other alternative was to quit being Spider-Man which he would not do. The people of New York needed him. Maybe not to stop the world from ending but to help every day go by. To help the little people with little crimes the big heroes didn’t even sniff at. It was already bad enough that he hadn’t been able to help the past two weeks, crime had skyrocketed and he kept seeing things online asking where he was.

Poor. That's where he was.

“What I want to know” Fury continues breaking through the teen's thoughts. “Is why you two are suddenly the best of friends and why Spider-Man has disappeared.”

“I fail to see how either of those things are any of your business,” Tony says in a chilly voice, eyes narrowed on the gun.

“No, actually I can answer the ‘why Spider-Man had suddenly disappeared’ one” Peter snaps pushing around the billionaire standing guard in front of him. “It’s your fault!”

Fury raises an eyebrow.

“Ok maybe not *your* fault but it is SHIELDS. You guys chopped my suit up and I can’t afford the material to fix it right now!”

Tony gapes at the teen and grabs him by the shoulders, “ *That’s* why you haven’t been doing your superhero thing? I thought you were just taking a break or something. This is *so* easily fixed you should have said something.”

Stepping back, but making sure he is still situated between Fury and Peter, he flicks his wrist and a screen projects in front of him from his watch. He quickly begins swiping through screens until he lands on some type of 3D human figure.

“What the hell are you doing Stark?” Fury questions suspicion thick in his voice.

Waving the older man off with his middle finger Tony pulls up a separate tab where he searches Spider-Man. Opening the pictures tab he drags one over to the figure and drops it, while Peter watches in amazement when his suit appears on the figure.

“OK, so we can stick with the color scheme you have going since that is what people associate you with right now,” Tony says as double taps the suit and the whole thing lights up. “But you definitely need to change the material because, let's face it kid, spandex just isn't working.”

Shaking out of his shocked stupor the teen snaps, “uhm, excuse you? My suit has been working perfectly fine thank you. I don't need your help.”

“So,” the billionaire continues as if Peter had not spoken, “I think we should use a zylon material infused with vibranium as the majority of your suit. Then for that little web decal, you’re trying to pull off we can use graphene-”

“Uhm, I don't know if you can't tell- I know my apartment is very fancy and all” Peter says monotonously as he gestures at the high-class run-down apartment, “but I don't have money for spandex. What makes you think I have money for zylon, *vibranium*, and *graphene* ?”

The face Tony makes radiates ‘*duh*’ so strongly Peter can hear it, “I’m paying for it.”

“Oh silly me for not assuming you would pay for a most likely multi-million dollar suit. *Please*, do continue.”

“ *Or*, ” a deceptively calm voice drawls from the doorway, “you can all get the *hell* out of my home and away from my nephew.”

“That woman is terrifying.” Tony shivers outside of the apartment building.

Fury grunts in agreement and prays for the teen's safety because May was pissed. Who could really blame her? She returned home to find her nephew with two strange men talking about a multi-million dollar suit and the suit was obviously Spider-Mans. Peter was definitely in trouble with her.

“Poor kid,” Fury mutters beginning to walk away.

“Uh, no.” An iron grip lands on the older man's shoulder, “you aren’t going anywhere buddy ‘ol pal! We still have some talking to do!”

Which is how Fury found himself in an alleyway with Iron Man standing ominously over him from where he had been unceremoniously dropped.

“I know SHIELD has a very small list of things that are no no’s but *really* ? Sending a *child* to fight me?!” Tony's face was a dark vortex of anger. “I wouldn't do that and I've done practically everything!”

“In my defense, I didn't know he was that young,” Fury says managing to look calm in the face of Hell.

Tony simply smiles darkly as the sound of his blasters powering up fills the alleyway. “I’m not here to talk about what you did and didn't know. I’m just here to get payback for what's been done.”

The bright blast of his gauntlet is the last thing Fury sees before his world goes black.

Honestly, you've probably read enough fanfics to know how the confrontation between May and Peter went. To save time Peter will give you a quick rundown of what happened.

May: *‘OMG Peter wtf?! Why were they here?! What's going on?!?!’*

Peter: *‘Oh no May! It's not what you think!’*

May: *‘Peter you lying bastard you have been sneaking around with them and *gasp* what is this spider-man suit doing sitting conveniently in the open?!’*

(ok she didn't call him a bastard or a liar but it sounded better ok?)

Peter: *‘I ,uh- I cosplay!’*

May: *‘LIAR’*

Peter: *‘oh you right.’*

May: *‘I feel like we are drifting :(’*

Peter: *‘I just want to make uncle ben proud since he died because of me and you safe -insert some emotional spiel-’*

May: *‘awe no bb! :(Your uncle Ben wouldn’t want you risking your life!! I love you Peter but I’m grounding you for life.’*

Peter: *‘that's fair.’*

Or something like that.

So that's how he found himself staring up at his ceiling while May slammed around in the kitchen making -burning- dinner. He knew why she was upset and it was completely understandable. She had returned from an awful shift at the hospital which involved puke, wandering hands, a chicken, and some blood which resulted in her being sent home early and she had found a man highly suspected of being a supervillain and some other dude. Then while she was in the middle of freaking out about that she found out Peter was Spider-Man because he doesn't know how to put his things away and he was stupidly letting Tony design a Spider-Man suit in the middle of his living room.

Dropping his head into his hands Peter just wonders when his life got like this. Maybe he should consider just never being Spider-Man again. Obviously, May is planning on him never doing it again and Tony seemed fine with Peter just being Peter, although he really should consider cutting Tony out too even though it's probably impossible.

A loud crash from the kitchen draws him from his thoughts. The fire alarm starts beeping and May's curses almost cover it.

Was he a bad person for sitting there with his head cradled in his hands a little longer?

Probably.

"Just to make sure we are clear," Tony's cheery voice filters through the foggy pain of Fury's mind.

"If you or anyone from your rat infested organization ever hurt my kid again I will drop a bomb on your building then drag you out so you can watch everyone burn before killing *you*. Do you understand?"

Hissing through his teeth when he tries to sit up Fury snarls at the villain instead of answering.

That wasn't the correct answer if the metal encased boot swinging into his side was any indication.

"He is a child. Leave him alone and keep your shitty business and friends away from him. Let him help little old ladies across the street and stop the petty crimes. Leave him alone."

Spitting blood in the ground Fury simply nods while glaring darkly.

A smile instantly blooms across the billionaire's face and he dusts his hands off as if to say 'my work is done!' Fury watches from his place on the dirty wet ground as the man struts around and has his suit fold back down into the inconspicuous briefcase.

"Remember what I said one-eye," he calls over his shoulder. "If you ignore my warning no one is going to be happy."

Allowing himself to breathe when the man finally leaves the alleyway Fury quickly pulls out his phone and sends a distress signal. He wasn't going to be able to walk to the nearest safe house that

was for sure. He took the time waiting for someone to retrieve him to mull over Tony's words, particularly the rat-infested organization ones. One thing he learned from him is that he doesn't say anything without having some deeper meaning behind it which was the truth. If Tony thought SHIELD had spies or whatever the hell rats means in it then Fury wasn't going to be handing out any delicate information.

Starting now Fury was entering a trust no one mode and he was going to find out what was happening in his organization.

Chapter End Notes

Life has really been kicking my ass lately you guys. Not to say I have a hard life or anything or that anything has happened to me I've just been super busy. When I got back from vacation I ended up having to work 2 weeks in a row with only one day off and on the day off I was helping a friend by watching her kids so she and her husband could have a date night and then one of my dogs tried to get into a fight with a fox who was bigger than her and really I could go on and on but I'll just end with I'm sorry and my schedule should be back to normal and at the very least a chapter a week.

So now that that's out of the way let me know what you guys think! I'm already halfway through another chapter so that should be here today and then if any of you read my other series The Iron Mother Hen, Captain Guard Dog, and Teenage Spider and you're waiting for an update on Yarrow don't worry I'm almost done with it! if you don't read that series then ignore me lol

Thank you for all of the kudos and comments on the last chapter you guys rock!

Someone is in Trouble!

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the short chapter after such a long wait. I have been swamped with work, school, and family things lately and I just haven't had the time to focus on any of my stories. I know this isn't much, or even the best quality of chapters but I didn't want you guys to think this story (or any of my other stories) have been abandoned. Once again really really really sorry for the wait and fingers crossed for quicker updates since everything seems to be working out for now. Thank you to everyone who has been patiently waiting!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Peter don't forget your lunch!”

Cursing Peter jogs back to the kitchen to grab his sandwich from the counter. Yelling out a goodbye the teen quickly dashes out the door and makes his way down to the street where the bus is just pulling up to the curb. Sprinting for the bus he quickly shoves a hand between the closing doors.

“Sorry!” he gasps, stumbling up the steps. “Sorry, my aunt needed me to fix a light bulb.”

“Find a seat.”

Honestly, his bus driver was sometimes scarier than anyone he fought. She had a menacing aura about her and was always scowling with dark eyes.

Shivering slightly he stumbles to an empty seat near the back which just happens to be between a pregnant woman with her crying baby and an old man ranting about the price of bananas at the supermarket.

Sliding down in his seat Peter mentally prepares for the ride to his school.

-One Week Earlier-

“Peter,” May calls softly from his doorway.

He knew he was overreacting, really he did. He didn't need someone to tell him how unfair he was being to his aunt that just wanted what was best and safest for her nephew. But he couldn't help but be inexplicably angry. He had worked so hard to make Spider-Man an actual thing. A symbol someone could always count on to help, the one person standing up for the little guys. And now his aunt was forbidding him from doing it ever again. He knew why he really did. Who would actually want their child or family fighting criminals by themselves? So yeah, he gets it.

He's still mad.

“Listen,” she says softly, quietly walking into the room with her arms hugging herself. “I know you're mad at me, and I've thought about it all night and maybe I was a little too harsh.”

"I'm not mad," Peter muffles into his pillow.

Easing down onto the bed by the teen's legs May smooths a hand over his back as she stares into his dark room with a thoughtful expression. The two sit in silence for a few moments, both lost in thought.

"If I considered letting you continue with the Superhero thing," May begins causing Peter to perk up slightly, "would you be willing to adhere to some rules?"

"Yes!" Peter cries sitting up quickly to face her, "anything!"

They talked all night, ironing out a set of rules that both felt was fair. Peter would have to tell May whenever he was going out for a patrol or responding to any type of crime. He needed to be home by 11:00 p.m. on school nights and 1:00 a.m. on weekends. If his grades ever slipped because of his Spider-Man duties he would be 'grounded' from it until they were brought back up.

Shockingly there was no rule involving one Tony Stark but Peter had a feeling it was unsaid that he wasn't to be seeing him anymore.

School had gone by slowly and without any mentionable happenings. It seemed like New York was going to have a slow night as well. He had been swinging around the city and only had to stop an attempted bicycle robber and someone get a cat down from a tree. Now with nothing else to do the teen simply sat on the edge of a building and watched the bustle of the city quietly.

May had stitched up his suit for him when he told her about why he hadn't been going out lately and while he was thankful for that he couldn't help but wish that she would have used a different color than hot pink.

Blankly staring at a small shop across the street he finally decides to head home for the night.

Or rather he would have headed home if someone hadn't attempted to rob the bank around the block.

A small thrill ran through him as he swung towards the blaring alarm. Finally some action! Yeah yeah, he shouldn't be wishing for crime to happen but really he was a teenager and bored! At least he was doing some good rather than hiding in some dank alleyway doing drugs or going to parties and drinking and all those things other teens do. Don't look at him like that he is totally a cool kid.

Definitely.

Bank robbery. Focus.

Anyways, the guy attempting to rob the bank was clearly an amateur and had no idea what he was doing. He was screaming at everyone to get out rather than keeping hostages and didn't even get one of the workers to unlock a safe or give him keys or a code. What an idiot.

He made sure to let the villain know.

Which is how he found himself dodging bright green acidic blasts coming from the man's mouth like disgusting spitballs.

"Jesus man!" He cries as he launches from one wall to another trying to hit the man with his webs. Every time he thinks his web will connect the man spins away at the last second. What a jerk.

"Get down here and fight me like a man Spider-Man!"

“No Thanks!”

Kicking off from the wall and launching himself over the screeching man the teen finally manages to connect a web to his back, using his momentum to fling the man into the heavy metal door of the safe.

Skipping the boring parts with the police and being questioned and having the man screaming obscenities Peter suddenly has a very big problem.

It's 11:30.

Wincing slightly, Peter tentatively looks at his phone only to see a perfectly blank screen. That was not good. A quiet May was a bad May.

Making it home in record time he practically flings himself in through the living room window and lands with a soft thud. He strains his ears for any sign of an angry (or worse- a sad May) he instead hears the squeak of one of their stools in the kitchen as the person perched on the chair turns around slowly.'

“You’re late.”

Of *course*, it’s Tony Stark.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for any errors or if something doesn't make sense, i'm a smidge sleep deprived. Also I know I didn't do a prompt with this chapter, I plan on continuing that in the next chapter. Still taking any prompts you guys have and also feel free to leave a comment! they really make my day and I know every author says this but they do go a long way in making me feel like you actually like the story and want to see more.

Also to all of you who have been commenting and leaving kudos thank you guys so much!

Let me know what you thought and/or any thing you would like to see.

P.S. if it takes me a while to post again I have not abandoned the story! I would at least tell you guys!

Once again sorry for the chapter quality and see you guys next time with a disapproving Tony!

Worst and Best Team-Ups

Chapter Notes

I just want to apologize to you guys from the bottom of my heart. I am very sorry for how long this update has taken but some real life things have just been kicking the crap out of me. I just got back into the groove of writing again and I decided that I'm going to start stocking up on my chapters so if something happens again I still have something to give you guys. I'll let you guys read on and see you at the end of this chapter!

(Also this was done on my phone so there may be mistakes. I plan on combing through this when I get home on my computer.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If May Parker called you, you *answered*. You didn't wait for a voicemail. You didn't ignore the call and call her back at a later time. You answered.

So when she called him Tony immediately picked up and was met with a terse, "who do you think you *are*?"

He really should have thought twice before responding with a sarcastic, "I'm sorry but you called me? Shouldn't you know?" It was an awful idea and she let him know just how bad it was with a vicious rant about how terrible he was and a very detailed list of why he shouldn't be near her nephew.

Shockingly after she let out her steam about Tony personally and started on a rant about how unsafe Peter was being and how worried she was they realized they have a lot of common viewpoints about the crime-fighting teen. What had started as a demand to leave her nephew alone slowly turned into a ranting conversation about how they thought the teen should not be doing many -or any- of the things he was doing. In the end, a tentative truce was called between the two as both had the same goal: keep Peter safe. May informed him of all of the rules her and Peter had come up with and asked if he could keep an eye out for him.

Duh, he would.

So when Peter was late getting home, and Tony checked that he wasn't in any danger, he set up in the small Parker kitchen. May was happily sleeping knowing that Tony had Peters back and would also wring him dry for breaking his set of rules.

Tony wouldn't even attempt to lie and say that the look of utter shock on the teen's face wasn't hilarious.

“W-What?” he stutters out, hand clenching on his mask which is dangling from his fingers.

Brown eyes narrowing the older man barks out, “you know exactly what! You agreed to the rules and I *literally* just told you! You. are. *Late!*”

When Peter continues to stare uselessly the older man demands in an impatient voice, “well? Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Peter rubs at his eyes tiredly and whines out, “can we *please* not do this? I don't even know why you are here, I feel like this is May's job, but I'm tired and I want to sleep and just skip this.”

It was *not* the right thing to say.

“How is this teaching me a lesson at all?!”

“I'm just helping you fight crime into the late hours like you so clearly want to do.”

Peter flings his arm out at just the right moment and manages to wrench himself from the older man's iron grip on the back of his suit. Landing with a roll on the cement rooftop the teen tries to catch his breath as the villain doubles back and lands with a thud a few feet away.

“What, you don't want to stay out and worry your aunt anymore?” In a normal situation the person saying this would probably sound mad but if anything Tony sounded vaguely uncomfortable.

“I didn't mean to worry her!” The teen objects quickly back up when the man advances towards him, “I just lost track of time and got caught up with a villain that really wouldn't take no for an answer-”

“Ok wait,” Tony scrubs at his face before shaking his head, “we will come back to the villain topic later but right now we are on the topic of- jeez you know what parenting is hard.”

“You're not my dad,” Peter says slowly trying to wrap his head around the situation. He was very proud that he resisted the primal urge to say it in that tone of voice. “You aren’t even related to me in any way.”

“Shut up and let me parent you.”

It was strange and hard to keep up with so before he really knew what was happening Peter was being tucked into his springy bed by Tony with a terse, “go to sleep, don’t do it again, and tell May I scared you horribly.”

Peter stares in shock at his ceiling after the man sweeps from the room.

The door is pushed back open a second later and the older male rushes back in.

“I almost forgot!” A wad of fabric smacks onto Peter's face startling him out of his dazed stupor. He sits up and unravels the fabric in his lap.

It was a... suit?

Chapter End Notes

So what I’m planning on doing is backing up about 3-5 chapters before I start posting again. This means it may be another few weeks before I can start regularly posting again. I know this chapter is shorter Than normal, but I wanted to give you guys some sign that I didn’t just drop this story. I also am planning on doing the same thing for my other story (yarrow the sequel to your small hand in mine) but that one will take longer because I try to have longer chapters for that story.

Thank you guys so much for all of the support and kind comments! Really appreciate and love you all! Happy (late) holidays and new year!

Do's and Don'ts

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!

So, i've noticed a lot of people lately commenting and being just absolute sweethearts! I'm so happy that you are all being so understanding with the slow updates and me taking a break to get everything back in order. Soooo to give you guys a sign i'm still alive and working on this story for you guys, i've decided to add two chapters! However this does not mean I will now be updating regularly as I am still writing chapters. I have a goal I'd like to reach before I start up again and i'm not quite there yet. I hope you guys enjoy this preview of whats to come and thank you all so much for being so patient and kind!

"We are live at an active bank robbery taking place on continental avenue. Police are on the scene and trying to get in contact with the robbers for the return of hostages. It is believed that Iron Man is assisting the robbery-"

The TV switches off with an angry jab of his finger. Peter's mouth twists in irritation because he *knows* Tony is doing it just to goad him. The man had been doing everything in his power to get the teen to use his new suit but he just didn't want to. It felt... *wrong* to use something given to him by a villain.

Pushing up from the couch the teen decides the only option is to simply ignore the man. He knew that Tony would be unlikely to actually kill someone when he was just trying to get Peter to come out in his new suit. And obviously, the man could control a wannabe villain like the one he was working with.

Right?

Tony was reminded of why he never worked with other criminals. They were sloppy, predictable, and downright *rude*. Sure they were keeping a group of civilians hostage but that didn't mean he had to go around shoving guns in their faces! They knew better than to try and test him. Honestly, it was a sign of a weak villain if you had to threaten to get submission.

Well everyone can't be as good as he is.

Pfft, *good*.

The only reason he was even here was to try and draw an actual good guy out. Or rather a good kid, who didn't know how to accept a gift that would make his (dangerous) job easier.

The man- James maybe?- starts screaming in the face of an old man when he trips over his foot. Rolling his jaw in annoyance Tony pushes away from the wall he was leaning against to slide up menacingly behind the other criminal.

"Look bud." Tony snaps as he puts a hand on the guy's shoulder and yanks him around, "I don't

know ha kind of game you're playing here but you need to know it off. I am not getting caught up in your shit because you can't keep your temper in check."

The smaller man's demeanor instantly changes as he straightens from the old man with a bright smile.

"Of course man! Sorry, it's just I've never really worked with someone of your level and I guess I just want to impress ya!" He smiles cheekily at the supervillain before stepping towards the glass doors to watch the police bustling around outside.

"Look at all those pigs, waiting on us to surrender, as if," he laughs and looks over his shoulder at Tony who is growing more irritated as time goes on.

Honestly, if the kid doesn't show up soon Tony will just throw the guy out the window himself.

The suit is *awesome* .

When he finally got the nerve to put the thing on he had been shocked and pleased to find it was baggy when you pulled it on before pulling in close to the lines of his body at the press of a button. It made his life so much easier now that he didn't have to wrestle with it to get the suit on comfortably. When he pulled the mask over his face he was pleased and awestruck to see all of the different sensors in front of his eyes, it was *really* cool.

He hadn't had as much time as he wanted to play with the suit so after pulling the thing on and fangirling for a second, the teen flung himself out his window and began a fast pace to the bank. He was still sure Tony wouldn't do anything too bad but he would still check to be sure. It definitely had nothing to do with him wanting to use the suit. Not at all.

Even if he hadn't already known what bank they were at it wouldn't have been hard to find it with the stream of people crowding towards it. New Yorkers loved drama, especially when it involved Iron Man. some were rushing to watch and some were simply rushing to try and be the one that proves without a doubt that Tony Stark is Iron Man.

Swinging through the air the teen can't help but compare the new suit to his old one. Before he would always chafe between his legs from the material rubbing against his legs, but this one had some type of material on all of his more sensitive areas that stopped it.

Landing in a crouch on a ledge across from the bank the teen takes a moment to survey the area. Police are crowded a short distance from the entrance a few with sniper rifles clearly surveying what's going on inside.

"It would be great if I could see what's going on in there," Peters sighs wistfully. He almost fell over when his vision seemed to zoom in so he could see what was happening in the building. "This suit is so awesome!"

Quickly scanning the lobby Peter came to the conclusion that the reports of Iron Man must have been false because the billionaire was nowhere in sight. He was completely relieved, not disappointed at all. Nope.

He pushes up from his crouch before launching himself towards the bank's roof to take care of the situation. Thankfully no one sees him and alerts the man inside to his presence. Creeping along the glass of the bank's skylight he slowly pries open one of the panels before sliding inside the building to crawl across the ceiling. He tries to be as inconspicuous as possible but it's hard to do when you're in a blue and red suit against a white ceiling.

“Everyone *shut up* !” The man screams, waving his gun in the face of his hostages. Peter gets a sour taste in his mouth as he watches an older man shy away with tears in his eyes as the gun is shoved into his face.

“You all think you're *so* smart! With your fucking jobs at a fancy bank! Well, *screw* you! I'm taking all your fucking money and then I'll be a rich bastard!” The gun is pressed harshly against the older man's face causing a sob to break from his mouth.

“P- *please* si- sir,” he begs as tears stream down his face, “I have a wife at home. She can't work!”

The man sneers and grinds the gun into the older man's temple. “ *Boo* , fuckin' *hoo* . Not my problem!”

“No, but it *will* be if you don't get that gun away from his face.” Peter snaps as he drops from the ceiling.

The gun is quickly pointed in his direction as the man stumbles back a few steps. The people behind him quickly scoot away, one of them pulling on the old man's shoulder to help him move. Everyone in New York knows the second a hero shows up, you get out of the way to avoid being hit by anything.

“ The gun has 13 bullets remaining and is currently level with your right shoulder. Richard Nickerson is showing signs of panic. Approach with caution. ”

It was really impossible for Spider-Man not to spaz when he hears the female voice through his mask.

“I have an AI?! That's so *freaking cool* !” His fist swings through the air excitedly and he can't stop the word diarrhea pouring from his mouth. “Are you like a Siri level AI or like can I have an actual conversation with you and not have you forgot what I said in one sentence? Are you a girl? Do you have a name? Can you like, take control of my suit like Ton- Iron man's suits? Like if I'm in my room and I'm like ‘hey I feel lazy and don't want to get up you should totally go patrol for me’ could you do it-“

A loud crack sounds through the room a second after he feels a sharp pain zing through his body. Peter is quite literally ripped from his spiel, Or his *shoulder* was ripped into by the bullet tearing through it. One second he is filled with excitement the next he is on the ground cursing himself for forgetting about the whole reason he was in the bank.

“ Mr. Parker you have a bullet wound in your left shoulder. The bullet is lodged in your shoulder and needs to be removed before you heal over it. ”

“So cool” he whimpers, pushing up from the ground with a groan. “Screw *you* , dude! I was trying to talk to my awesome AI I just met!”

“I don't fucking care!” He snarls, and this time Peter just barely dodges the next bullet. “I'm tired of you fucking supers showing up and ruining everything! All I want is my fucking money and then we can all go home!”

Dodging another bullet by ducking behind a pillar the teen yells out, “if that's all you want then why are you up here taunting these people?” Two more bullets are lodged in the pillar as the teen scrambles up to the ceiling. It's hard climbing with an injured shoulder ok?!

“ Mr. Parker you are losing too much blood. If you do not seek medical attention soon I will have to alert Mr. Stark .”

Oh, that's probably why his vision was a little blurred. Shaking his head he rolls across the ceiling away from another bullet birds launching himself at the man. They land in a tangled heap at the bottom of the stairs and after that, it's really as simple as holding the man down. Which theoretically should be very simple considering he has super strength. And the guy *doesn't* have super strength. Of course, he managed to get him pinned only to realize he *can't see the gun* -

A burning pain explodes in his stomach as he's thrown to the side and pinned by the man. The man laughs in his face and wraps a hand around his throat. Peter struggles but finds movement hard. His complete focus seems to be on the *throb throbbing* of his shoulder and stomach. He blinks through the red flashing of his mask's lenses and tries to figure out why everything seems to be moving so slow. The robber is yelling something at him but it's almost distorted or too loud or something weird. Or maybe it's a mix between the AI and him talking at once.

His eyes slowly slide to the left and he makes eyes contact with the old man from before. He's watching in- *horror* ? Why is he scared? What's wrong? *Does he need help* ? Struggling against the man holding him down he tries to see what's so scary but can't seem to find anything.

Groaning he pushes a hand against the man's face and is surprised at how easy it is to shove him off. Sitting up he glances around for the threat and finds he can't seem to see it. There is a sharp pain in his leg and suddenly the world seems to pull back into its proper self and clear up. Blinking owlishly he hears someone speaking to him. It takes a second to realize it's the AI.

"Adrenaline shot administered, please seek medical help immediately. "

"I've gotta help the peoples first." Peter slurs as he stumbles over to the hostages huddled on the floor. A closer look shows they seem to be just sitting there without any restraints.

"Geez guys, why didn't you just leave when I got here? Come on, up we go, follow mama spidey to the police officers" he coos while urging them up and towards the door.

They are quick to follow his instructions, a few of the younger ones outright running for the doors. Two of them stutter out thank yous before rushing outside towards the barrier of police officers.

Peter quickly pokes at his wounds, wincing from the sharp pain that lances through him, before deeming himself ok for now. They had both stopped bleeding at least and he should be able to get the guy tied up before it closed over the bullet.

Turning around and scanning the bank's lobby for the man turns up empty so that really only leaves one place. The teen dashed across the room and slides over the counter before disappearing downstairs to the basement vault.

Do's and Don'ts Part 2

Chapter Notes

Hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony was *extremely* regretting teaming up with this sorry excuse of a man. Honestly, he had no backbone and got his rocks off yelling at people who couldn't defend themselves. After watching the guy scream into the hostage's faces for ten minutes he decided he'd had enough and retreated into the basement to grab the money and be done with the whole thing.

He'd originally picked the guy because he seemed like an easy enough opponent for Peter to try his suit out on. But with the kid not showing up he knew he needed to wrap things up before someone got hurt.

That's how he found himself in the bank vault stuffing bags full of cash with a pout on his face. Not even stealing the money back from the people supporting drug trafficking was helping his mood. He'd just wanted Peter to have a chance to break in the new suit and not feel guilty. His thought process was that if he used it to actually help people, rather than just taking a swing around the city, he'd feel less uncomfortable about using a suit made by a supervillain.

Quick footsteps approaching the vault breaks him out of his thoughts. Rolling his eyes the billionaire turns on his foot and levels his blasters at the door. The man skids around the vault opening a second later and Tony shoots an inch away from him and grins underneath his mask when the man practically shits his pants.

"What the *hell* are you doing down here?" Tony demands as he stomps towards the hyperventilating man. "I thought we agreed *you* would stay up there with the hostages while *I* grabbed the money!"

He wheezes and leans over to grab his knees, holding a finger up while he catches his breath.

Rolling his eyes the billionaire turns back to his task with a harsh, "what you can't even run down some stairs without dying? God, you're *pathetic*."

So he was being a little harsh. Cry about it.

"Spuh-" the man wheezes out "Spider-man is here!"

That catches his attention. Turning back around Tony wraps a hand in his dirty white shirt and pulls him up straight. Now that he looks at him, he does look like he got hit good in the jaw.

"And where is he you imbecile? I *know* you didn't just run down here to hide." Wouldn't shock him honestly.

The man's face instantly twists in disgust, "No, of course not! I'm not a bitch!"

'*Yeah right*' Tony thinks with an eye roll.

“I almost had him! I shot that sucker twice-“ *what*. “-and then got him on the floor and had my hands around his scrawny neck-“ whatever else he was going to say was cut off by a sack of cash slamming into his head and knocking him into the wall.

“What. *The. Fuck* did you just say?” The villain spits, vision going red as he stalks towards the man trying to climb back up.

“What the *hell* was that for man? I thought you’d be glad I took care of the little fucker!”

A suit covered knee to the stomach shuts him up and drops him to the ground again. Tony heaves him up by his neck and pins him to the wall with a fiery glare.

“*What the fuck is wrong with you? Did you fucking kill him ?*” When an answer isn’t given fast enough he slams him back against the wall with a snarled “did you?!”

“N-no” the man chokes out, fingers clawing at the gauntlet wrapped around his throat. “Th- the little bast- tard let all of our hostages go! P- police wi- be here any second!”

Relief floods through Tony at that news and his grip slackens enough that the jackass was able to slide down to the floor with a choked gasp. Seriously what was his name?

Scoffing he turns on his heel to go find the crime-fighting teen and leave the police to collect whatever the hell his name was. As he’s stalking out of the vault he gets an emergency call from Peter’s suit.

Stomach dropping to the floor he quickly answers and before he can get out a panicked “are you ok?!” The kids AI is talking over him.

“*Mr. Parker has passed out in the hallway and is in need of medical assistance. He has lost a large amount of blood and refused to seek medical assistance before coming after the criminal .*”

“I’m on my way. Give me a rundown of his injuries.”

“*He was shot in the left shoulder and the bullet is still lodged inside with skin beginning to grow over it due to his advanced healing. Another bullet wound in his abdomen with the bullet missing his major organs but also still lodged inside. His throat has bruising from a strangulation attempt .*”

Cursing under his breath Tony flies down the hallway and around the corner to the crumpled teen laying in front of the stairs. Thankfully he’s breathing and hasn’t broken anything from his fall.

“*Kid ? Kid*, can you hear me?” Tony questions, dropping to a knee in front of him so JARVIS can scan him.

“*His vitals are steady sir, but they are lower than they should be. I suggest medical attention immediately.*” The AI informs him.

“Shit. Can he make it to the tower so my doctors can look him over?” Tony gathers the unconscious teen into his arms before flying up the stairs.

“*I believe he will not be affected negatively if you go straight there .*”

Not bothering with a response Tony flies out the back entrance and then towards his house

Peter whines something into his chest and wiggles a little, causing something in him to squeeze

painfully.

'Don't worry kid. I've got you.'

"After a stressful day for many, one of the bank robbers has been caught. He has been identified as Jonathan Byuntner, a gas attendant at the Shell gas station. It has been confirmed by eye witness' and Byuntner himself that Iron Man was involved in the robbery, however, he was nowhere to be seen when police got inside. Money was left in bags around the vault but a certain hero is now missing. Those who were hostages in this terrible situation have confirmed that Spiderman was in the building and got injured in the fight with Byuntner. They last saw him going back inside to find Byuntner who had disappeared into the basement. Where has Spider-Man gone? Has he been taken by Iron Man? Find out tonight at 10."

An angry jab of his finger silences the TV, bathing the room in blackness as the screen switches off. Stepping his fingers in front of him, Nick Fury can't help but wonder just what happened. Typically he wouldn't involve himself in these things, but he had a special interest in Spider-Man. And maybe Iron Man.

Swiveling back and forth in his chair, he questions what exactly he should be doing. Spider-Man *is* a minor so he probably should look into his health, *but* he had also been threatened by Iron man about his own health if he meddled in the teen's life.

Glaring at the wall he almost doesn't hear his door open.

"Fury we need to talk."

And then it hits him.

"This stuck up spoiled billionaire has been getting away with things like this for too long."

Tony had said for *him* to keep away from Peter. Well him and his friends.

"And now Spiderman has gone missing! You *have* to let us go after him!"

He never said anything about the *Avengers* .

Technically .

Chapter End Notes

I should be back by the end of May at the latest.

Love you all and i'm still taking any prompts if you have something you want to see!

War

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Never let it be said that Tony Stark didn't have the patience of a saint.

Ok, maybe that isn't true.

But the fact he has yet to strangle the surly teen currently living in his home, said a *lot* about his patience.

Once May had been contacted and informed of the teen's injuries she was quick to agree that Peter would stay with Tony until he was healed. After calling and informing the school he would be out for two weeks and threatening Tony's manhood for putting Peter in the situation, she dropped off some clothing for him.

At first, Peter seemed surprisingly okay with the arrangement. He cooperated with Tony's medical staff, was pleasant to Tony, and followed all the restrictions placed on him due to his injuries. The villain was pleasantly surprised at how seamlessly the teen fit into his life.

The problems started towards the end of the first week.

They had been watching some star wars movie, at Peters request, when Tony asked the teen if he wanted some popcorn. In response, Peter had hummed thoughtfully before he *vaulted* over the back of the couch to get some popcorn. Of course Tony, *very loudly*, questioned what he was doing before power walking after the easy-going teen. Healing factor or not he *would* be keeping off his leg until the villain's doctors, and the villain himself declared him more than safe! Safe to say that Peter did not take that well and what resulted was an awkward dance around the huge island in the kitchen. The rebellious teenager trying to stay out of reach of the overprotective ~~dad~~ billionaire was quick on his feet as he dodged the hands grasping at him.

At one point they both stopped on opposite ends of the island and glared at each other, both trying to guess the others next move.

"Peter," Tony had said, "You know you know you aren't supposed to be putting unnecessary strain on your injuries."

Which got the sharp response of, "I am *fine*! Nothing is even broken anymore or hurts! *Let me live my life!*"

It's safe to say it only went downhill from there.

Once again the pair found themselves running and aggressively jerking from side to side around the large island as they tried to outwit each other. After a few minutes, Peter managed to dodge the villain and make a mad dash for the door. He should have remembered that it was Tony's house, however, because JARVIS simply didn't open the door. Tony was able to hook him around the waist at the last second and the rest was history. Peter found himself swaddled up on the couch in comfort as Tony hummed and made popcorn in the background.

It was like a declaration of war to Peter.

The next few days saw the Teenager and the Supervillain constantly trying to get one up on the

other. Peter did everything in his power to not take it easy. He had decided he was perfectly fine and didn't need any more rest. Tony was doing everything, short of tying up the kid, to make him stay off his feet as much as possible.

One morning he walked out into his kitchen to find Peter practicing his roundhouse kick on a free-standing punching bag. How the punching bag got there Tony did not know but that wasn't his concern.

Around lunchtime, Peter was lured into the pool only to find three-foot walls had raised from the ground around the pool to keep him in and off his feet. He had tried to climb out, only to find that Tony had created some weird material he couldn't stick to.

(He was let out by a frantic Tony when Peter started talking about all the sims he had murdered with this method.)

For the next few days, the tower was full of odd happenings. One morning Tony woke to find Peter's briefly used walking boot webbed shut on his foot. He had to hobble after the teen who took great pleasure in watching his misfortune. Later Peter found that Tony had restricted his access when he was taking a shower in his rooms private bathroom. He did not have the clearance to unlock his door which meant he was dependent on Tony bringing him all his food. That night after Tony let him back out and went to sleep (under the assumption that Peter was already in bed) the teen built a web nest in the highest corner of the living room. After many failed attempts to get Peter down, Tony finally called a truce. They decided to simply coexist as long as Peter didn't do anything that was going to be extremely taxing on his injuries.

Peter wasn't happy considering they had healed already, but he did agree.

All was well after that.

Or as well as it could be.

Chapter End Notes

PLEASE READ

First, I just want to say how much I love all of you! I've had some of the sweetest comments as you all kindly wait for me to post a new chapter. I love you all <3

Secondly, the reason an update has been so horrendously delayed is that I'm currently writing the story as far as my imagination will take it. I'm doing this so we no longer run into situations where there are months between an update because of writer's block.

HOWEVER, I am not done yet. So you may be asking, "Then why are you updating?" Because I've gotten a couple of comments recently asking whether the story has been abandoned and I want to lay those fears to rest. No, I have not abandoned it nor do I plan to. But I didn't want to add only an authors note and have everyone expect an update and only find me rambling. Soooo here is the next chapter and I'll keep writing chapters so I can get back on a set in stone updating schedule.

Enjoy and I promise I will be back!

Rescue?

Chapter Notes

This chapter is just another reassurance this story has not been abandoned! Almost have the rest of the story written out, I can see regular updates in the near future!! Hopefully you all enjoy this chapter!

Peter realized he *hated* rich people.

Why, you ask?

Because all of the money they had, made it too easy for them to buy a *lot* of cereal. For example, Tony had no fewer than *seventy-eight* kinds of cereal. Peter wasn't able to make such an important decision! How was he supposed to choose between Fruit Loops, Captain Crunch, Frosted Flakes, Reese's Puffs, or Cookie Crisp? *And that wasn't even listing all of the ones he loved!*

In the end, he decided he would just have to make his way through them all.

That's how he found himself face down on the table, moaning helplessly against the polished wood. While he had great metabolism, even that wasn't a match against twelve oversized bowls of cereal.

"What a horrible idea!" He groans to Tony, "why didn't you stop me? I *never* want to see cereal again and it's all your fault!"

Scoffing into his travel mug the older man snarks back, "oh I'm sorry mister ' *I-have-a-desperate-need-to-do-the-opposite-of-whatever-you-say-* '."

Jumbled blubber is the only response he gets back.

"Well look, kid, it just so happens I'm out of tums. So hang tight and I'll go grab something for your sore tummy." If Peter wasn't slowly dying from his overfilled stomach he would have smacked the billionaire for his teasing tone.

As he was whimpering against the table, impatiently waiting for Tony's return, he questioned himself. What was he doing here? Why was he willingly staying in the presence of someone he has confirmed to be a villain? Allowing himself to be babied and ordered around. Peter knew that if he *really* wanted, he could be out of this tower in a second. The spider bite made him physically stronger and faster than your average human. Which is exactly what Tony was, outside of his suit.

So the question was why wasn't he trying to leave?

It was a difficult question for the teenager, with no real answer. At least not one he was willing to entertain.

So as he is laying there moaning and questioning his life, a hand dropped on his shoulder and urgently shook it.

“Hey, are you alright?”

...

That voice.

He knew that voice.

It was deep.

It was patriotic.

It was iconic.

It lectured him about getting detention that one time.

Captain America?!

“Excuse me, ma’am?” Tony asked politely.

“Uh, y-yes? M-mr- Mr.Stark? S-sir?” The young woman squeaked out as she stared with fear and awe-filled eyes.

Everyone knew he was Iron Man. Didn't make him any less of a celebrity.

“Can you show me where your stomach ache medicine for kids is?” The supervillain awkwardly scratched his neck. “This is kind of out of my area.”

Her eyes bulge out in shock and her mind is instantly racing.

Does Tony Stark have a kid?!

Peter was *just* on the verge of hyperventilating. Because after taking a moment to breathe and get over the fact that *Captain Freaking America!* Was standing in front of him, he happened to see Black Widow and Hawkeye as well.

“ *So cool !*” he whisper shrieked to himself.

Peter was a complete superhero nerd, and when he was younger, he had all of the Captain America merchandise. His bed set was covered in tiny Captain America shields, his pillow *was* the shield. He had a shirt that proudly proclaimed, “ *I can do this all day.* ” with him throwing his shield. Sure when he got older he started to grow out of it, it wasn't as intense anymore. He still fangirled a little at the idea of being around the guy, or really *any* of the avengers.

So suddenly having him appear as if in a dream was a little mind-boggling. So obviously, with this being the first impression with the guy, Peter played it cool and said-

“ *Hwugh-?*”

Nailed it.

He can tell by the way the blonde shares a concerned look with his colleagues before lowering onto a knee before him. And Peter is such an idiot that for a moment he panics and thinks the super-soldier is about to propose.

“Are you alright son?” he questions again, placing a gentle hand on the teen's shoulder. “He hasn't hurt you, has he?”

Peter blinks slowly trying to get through his stomach ache and the *OHMYGOD CAPTAIN AMERICA*- to process the question.

“Uh, has who hurt me?”

“Tony.” is the firm response.

“Uh, I mean kind of?”

Huffing through his nose the super-soldier quickly rises to his feet.

“I knew it! We have to stop him!” He declares to the quietly watching Avengers.

Peter frowns in confusion, “how are you going to stop Tony the Tiger?”

That gets a snort from Hawkeye. “Yeah, Steve. How are you going to stop Tony the Tiger?” Black Widows mouth curls into a small smile as she raises an eyebrow at him.

Steve looks confused and mouths ‘who?’ just as Peter stands up from his chair in a rush.

“Oh!” he cries. “You thought I meant *Tony* ! As in *Tony Stark*! ”

“Well, we are at his house.” Natasha quips.

Peter pushes through his embarrassing mind fog to tut out, “No, no! Tony hasn’t hurt me at all!”

Suddenly a heavy arm lands on his shoulder and he finds himself dragged into Hawkeyes side. The older man leans down to talk conspiratorially, “Then why are you in his house? Huh? Are you some secret kid or something?” Snorting and shoving his arm off Peter quickly takes a few steps out of the circle the heroes had been forming around him.

“No! I’m his uh- intern!”

“And *you* are trespassing.”

Peter whirls around to see Tony standing in the entryway to the kitchen, a plastic convenience store bag clutched in one hand. Relief floods through Peter at the sight of the other man. It makes him pause for a second. It wasn't like he was scared of the avengers. He had no reason to be.

Except for maybe the fact he is willingly hanging out with a supervillain and doing nothing about it.

Tony sneers at the heroes in his kitchen as he places the medicine on the countertop. “I didn't realize you goodie two shoes started breaking and entering. Seems a bit not good to me.”

The billionaire rolls his shoulders and leans back against the counter with a sigh. “But what do I know? I’m just a regular guy, I wouldn't dream of trying to understand your logic.”

Steve scoffs and takes a threatening step forward. “Don't try to pull that crap! We know you’re Iron Man, so drop the act!”

Peters's eyebrows shot up in shock as Captain America suddenly points at him, “and release this child! I don't know how you've brainwashed him but it isn't right!”

“Sir, shall I call the authorities to report a breaking and entering?”

Tony raises a haughty eyebrow at the trio standing in front of him.

“Oh knock it off Stark!” Hawkeye snaps. “We were sent here to rescue Spider-man! He isn't here so we can just go. However, I agree with Cap. Let the kid go.”

The billionaire opens his mouth to snap back only to be interrupted by a strong voice.

“Excuse me.”

All eyes swing towards Black Widow.

She smirks and steps towards Peter with a determined but slow pace. “Are you actually his intern?”

The teen can tell it's a test. It's in the determined glint in her eyes. He knows that if he were to say ‘no’ and insinuate he was here against his will, that she would get him out. He can practically hear her saying it. It's a big moment for him. If he says yes, that's as good as choosing the dark side in a way. If he says no, he would be turning his back on Tony, maybe even for good. He slowly looks up at Captain America whose face is a hard mask of determination before his eyes slide over to Tony. Still deceptively calm-looking, but Peter can see the dimness in his eyes.

Almost as if he expects Peter to turn his back.

Whatever he chooses at this moment, will decide a lot.

But if he was honest with himself, he already knew there was only one choice for him.

“Yes, I’m his intern.”

Natasha squints at him for a moment before slowly nodding and stepping back towards Captain America. Neither of the men flanking her look happy, more resigned than anything.

“Fine then, we’re out of here,” Hawkeye said with a falsely casual air. “No need for the cops.”

Steve glares at Tony. “Don’t think this is over Stark. You aren't fooling anyone. You’re going to slip up sooner or later and when you do, we will be there to catch you.”

“Yeah because being rich is *such* a crime.”

With one last parting glare, the three disappear into the elevator leaving the Villain and the teen alone once again.

Peter is having a hard time keeping up.

“That was like super anticlimactic.” Peter glances over to see what the billionaire's reaction was.

Tony doesn't respond, too busy unscrewing the cap on the syrup he bought for Peter’s stomach. Already the sharp scent of medical cherry filters into the teen's nose and he is not a fan.

“I was talking to May on the way back,” Tony pours some of the thick syrup into the little cup.

“And we decided it would be safe for you to come back to her house. Your injuries are completely healed.”

“Oh sweet-” Peter sputters when the cup is shoved into his face. Grumbling through the torture of

the syrup Peter smiles when he sees Tony already getting him a glass of water.

Maybe he wasn't so bad after all.

The Bullying

Chapter Notes

I'm positive I should not be posting this. It hasn't been edited and I promised myself I wouldn't post anymore until I was done with this story. But my half asleep brain decided it likes you all so much it doesn't care so here we are! Please excuse any mistakes i'll comb through sometime tomorrow.

Enjoy!

****EDIT (11/27/19)**** Just went through and edited out the mistakes! Glad to hear all the wonderful feedback so far, great to hear everyone is enjoying the story still!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“ You did what? ”

“Pep...”

“ No Tony! I’m so angry with you right now! You blew off one of the most important meetings for your company to babysit?! ”

Tony winced at her accusing tone. One thing every employee at Stark Industries had in common was a fear of Pepper Potts. Tony was not an exception. The woman kept everything running smoothly with an iron grip and if you somehow messed it up, be prepared to see hell. At the moment, Tony was the one who had messed it up.

“ You didn't even call to let anyone know you wouldn't be there. ” The disappointed anger is thick in her voice through the phone. *“ You said you would start taking your role as CEO more seriously. You promised me, Tony. ”*

And she was right. He had promised he would start going to the meetings that were so boring at times he wanted to die. He had promised he would do the paperwork, shake hands, and smile for the cameras.

They both knew he was crap at promises.

The man sighs into his hand and leans back in his desk chair, the leather creaking. He hadn't been thinking about anything other than Peter and making sure he was well. He had completely forgotten about the meeting.

When he told Pepper as much she had scoffed and said, *“ I hardly believe that JARVIS didn't remind you. ”*

Which ok that was true. He may have told JARVIS to screw off when he reminded him of his meeting. It was also likely he had ignored the AI's warning that if he missed it Pepper would be upset.

Turns out JARVIS is a fortune teller.

He stayed on the phone with Pepper for a little longer than necessary. He would always crave the way things used to be.

Back before...

“ *Tony... how are you?* ”

It was a startling question. Ever since that horrible day Pepper had put as much distance between them as possible. She spoke to him only when necessary and tried to never be alone with him.

It had hurt.

But he promised himself he wouldn't torture himself over that day anymore. There was nothing he could do to fix it so there was no reason to linger. She had moved on so he

should as well.

“I'm doing fine Pep.” He spins around in his chair to face the windows, “I'm... trying to do better.”

“ *Oh really? How so?* ”

A small smile crosses the billionaire's face.

“I met a kid.”

“Hey, Penis Parker! I see you finally came back to school,” Flash sneers at the smaller teen. “I thought you got kicked out because you're poor.”

Peter groans into his locker, greatly tempted to slam the door onto his head. Why did Flash insist on pestering him every single day?

“Just leave him alone Flash,” Ned snaps as he steps up to the locker. “He's had a rough time lately and doesn't need *you* to add to it.”

Sneering meanly, Flash leans up against the lockers next to Peter's. “Does your boyfriend fight all of your fights for you Penis?”

Peter shuts his locker before promptly turning his back on Flash.

“Come on Ned, we have the millennium falcon to make remember?”

The other teen frowns when he realizes that once again Peter was letting it go. Flash tormented him daily yet Peter never retaliated other than a few snarky comments. What made it even more infuriating as the fact Ned *knew* Peter could take the snobby teen. He was *Spider-Man* for Christ's sake. A high school bully should be nothing for him.

Peter smiles at Ned and shakes his head. Flash just wasn't worth the fight to Peter.

The two walked off together now both blatantly ignoring Flash who was getting angrier by the second. One thing Flash hates most was having his ego injured, and being ignored by the biggest nerds in the school (to Flash at least) was a huge blow.

He might have changed his mind on what he did next had he been aware of who was waiting outside.

“Boss, why are we at a *high school* ?”

“As if you don’t know.”

“But why do we have to pick him up *at* the school? Why can’t we just grab him off the street?”

“As if he would let us just grab him. You’re hilarious, Happy.”

“I’m serious! I hate children infested places! I think I’m breaking out in hives already.”

“There is an EpiPen in the glove box.”

“Why do you have an EpiPen? You aren’t allergic to anything- wait is this for the kid?”

“He’s allergic to guinea pig crap.”

“When would we *ever* have guinea pig shit-”

“There he is! I’ll be back.”

“-and then the teacher paired us together for the project! I was in shock because I couldn’t believe I’d managed to be placed with such a smart, beautiful, kind, *amazing* -”

Peter laughed quietly as Ned continued to shower the girl in his English class with compliments. He wasn’t sure why Ned didn’t just ask the girl out, whenever he saw the two of

them together it was clear she returned the feelings.

“Ned,” Peter says, cutting off the endless compliments, “just ask her out dude. I promise you it’ll go well.”

Ned smiles brightly at Peter. “You think so? Either way, I can’t right now, a girl like that needs to be wined and dined properly and I still need to save up some more money- holy

shit.”

“What?” Peter asks following the direction of his friend’s slack-jawed stare.

Holy shit is right.

Tony Stark. *Tony* Flipping *Stark* . Was making his way towards the two teens, carefully steering around the many teenagers on the front lawn.

Peter’s eyes bulge in shock before he grabs Ned’s arm intending to pull him away so they can make a quick escape-

“Hey, penis! I wasn’t finished talking to you!”

‘ *Oh great* ’ Peter thinks as his shoulders hunch up to his ears. His cheeks flush red as he watches Tony’s eyes narrow dangerously. He *definitely* heard that.

How *embarrassing* .

Of course Flash had to make it worse by slamming him into the wall with a hand fisted in his sweater.

Even better .

Tony Stark was a villain, sure. He didn't think it was that black and white but that wasn't the point. But, even as a 'villain', he was able to tell right from wrong. Most of the time he ignored it, rules were usually pretty dumb after all.

However.

Seeing Peter Parker - *boy genius, Spider-Man, the child he had practically claimed as his own* - being bullied by some snotty teenager? Not ok.

Judging by the way Peter seems to shrink into himself, Tony would take a guess he wasn't doing anything about it. *Definitely* not ok.

Honestly, he couldn't stop himself from puffing up like an angry cat if he tried. He was more than aware that he tended to act before he fully thought things through. So it was no surprise that one moment he was walking up the steps to where the three teens were having a standoff, and the next he was yanking Flash off of Peter by the back of his shirt.

"Where do you want to go to college?" The question seems to shock everyone for a moment, but then Flash smirks over at Peter.

"Harvard," Flash says, smile confident as he grins at the billionaire, "I'm going to be a lawyer. Best of the best."

Tony winces in mock sympathy and pats the kid on his shoulder, "Sorry to hear that."

Flash instantly looks confused. "What does that mean?"

"Well," Tony says with a shrug as he rocks back on his heels, "I happen to know a lot of people there, and when they hear that you like to call other people, what was it, penis? And slamming other kids around? Probably won't want that kind of student at their school ya know. Also wouldn't want to upset me."

The teen was gaping at him like a fish, his eyes wide in shock as a flush slowly crept up his face.

Tony's smile was sharp as he leaned in and said, "I'd run along now before I decide to do something worse."

At least Flash knew how to take orders. He should join the military.

Sneering after the retreating figure Tony spins on his heel with a smile. Only to have it drop off his face when he sees the anger all over Peter's face as well as his tapping foot.

"What?" Tony asks, eyebrows raised.

"Why did you do that?" Peter snaps, hands on his book bag straps as his friend stares at him in shock.

"I'm sorry, did I just hallucinate him *slamming* you into the wall?"

Peter rolls his eyes with a scoff as he steps back, clearly intending to walk away. "I don't need you to fight my fights for me. I'm perfectly capable of handling them on my own." He puts a hand on Ned's shoulder and steers the shocked teen down the stairs of the school.

“It didn't look like you were handling it at all.” Tony snaps quickly becoming irritated. He tried so hard for this kid and literally just solved his bully problem. And he was *angry* about it?

Peter glares up at the villain and says, “just because I didn't handle it *your* way doesn't mean I wasn't handling it.”

He tries to stay angry, he really does, but those words just remind him of all the times pepper had said the same thing. It was true, he did like it to be his way or no way.

“Kid, look I didn't mean-”

“Save it.” He snaps before dragging Ned off and leaving Tony to stand awkwardly on the school steps.

Alone like always.

“Peter, did you *really* have to say all of that?” Ned asks, his hands fiddling with lego pieces. “I mean it didn't seem like he meant any harm. I think he wanted to help you.”

Glancing up from the directions Peter pouts at the other teen. “Hey, whose side are you on?”

“Obviously I always have you back dude,” Ned responds easily, “But I'm also not afraid to tell you when you messed up. And I really think you owe Mr. Stark an apology.”

And Peter knew he was right. Deep down he really did. But right now he couldn't help being upset about it. Tony always just showed up whenever he wanted and did whatever he wanted when he was there. He was an adult, you think he would consider the consequences of his actions more often. What if Flash's dad tried to sue Tony? What if something he did somehow confirmed he was Iron Man? There were so many risks involved and Peter couldn't help but worry.

But then he realized he was worried and worried about why he was worried.

There was no way. Absolutely *no way* Tony Stark, Iron Man, Super Villain, was becoming someone important to him.

Was there?

Crap.

Thankfully an alarm on his phone going off saved him from his thoughts.

“Sorry, Ned! Time to go patrol.” Peter pushes up off the floor. “Just leave your window unlocked and I'll come in that way alright?”

“Sure dude,” Ned says, willing to drop the subject when it's clear Peter won't talk about it.

Smiling gratefully Peter slips into his suit before climbing out the window. A patrol should help clear his head.

“Why is it always us that gets sent out on the boring missions?”

“Probably because we are spies. So, surveillance missions are kind of our thing.”

“But it's so *boring* .”

“Poor baby. Do you want to play patty cake? Will that help?”

“Fuck you, Nat, I’m not a child- hey is that Spider-man?”

“Looks like it.”

“You thinking what I'm thinking?”

“Yep. Let's go.”

Peter gazes out across the city, feet swinging over the building's ledge. It's a slow night for crime in new york city tonight, both a blessing and a curse. Peter is happy no one is getting hurt or out robbing someone but if there was ever a night he needed a distraction, tonight was it.

“Even a cat in a tree would be enough,” the teen grumbles, eyes scanning the horizon while a police scanner drones in his ears.

He had talked to Karen for a while, the AI surprisingly good company. He'd asked her about what all she could do, what the suit could do, and then somehow ended up in a deep conversation about his life in general. She had some pretty solid advice about his guilt over Liz, a few choice words about flash, and praise for ned. She was quickly becoming one of his favorite people (?) to talk to. But after a while, the conversation had naturally lapsed.

So now he was simply watching, waiting, thinking-

“Which is exactly what *I don't want to be doing!*” Was shouted as he fell back on the roof.

“*What's wrong Peter?*”

“Everything Karen!” He exclaims, hands flailing before flopping down by his head. “I'm having serious issues right now! Everything I've been told is right and wrong is being

questioned by none other than me! Which is crazy! *I'm* the one who told myself it was right and wrong!”

“That does sound serious. Anything I can do to help?”

Sighing deeply, he pushes himself up off the roof to stand on the ledge. “No, just something I have to sort through myself at some point. I'd just rather not. Like *ever* .”

“*I see. The internet says it's unhealthy to not deal with your emotions by hiding from them, perhaps talking with me would help?* ”

“Karen, I love you but I think there is nothing I want to do less than talk about my feelings.”

“*I love you too, Peter.* ”

A small smile breaks out on his face at that.

“Hey, Spider-Man! We want your assistance!”

The smile slips from his face at that.

Tony poked at his dumpling, watching it go under the soup before coming back up.

He poked it again.

And Again.

One more time.

Annnnd Again.

Maybe *once* more to be sure.

Ok, one more time-

“Tony, I swear to god if you don’t stop playing with your food I’m going to throw it away.”

The villain snorts and drops his fork onto the table with a clatter. “You see, I’m your boss. So I can play with my food if I want.”

Happy rolls his eyes as he takes a large gulp of water while flipping Tony off with his other hand.

“Uh, not to mention I paid for all of this, so I can play with *your* food if I want.” Tony makes a grabby hand, “Pass it over bud.”

“Come on Tony, seriously?” Happy pushes the nearly empty plate over to the billionaire, “I’m already done anyways but seriously? You’re gonna pout because the kid wouldn’t come?”

“Ew, I wasn’t being serious,” Tony said with a grimace, pushing the plate away with a finger. “I don’t want your germy plate.”

“Fuck you.”

“Sorry to disappoint but I don’t put out on the first date.”

“ *Tony* -”

“Look happy,” Tony cuts him off. “My feelings have been bruised enough today alright? I’m not going to pummel them further by talking about them with you ok?”

Happy pauses before deflating with a sigh. Tony tries really hard not to let the pity filled look directed at him rub him the wrong way.

“Fine, then we can talk about something else. Like how you were supposed to go to the meeting earlier-”

“ *Not you too,* ” He groans into his arms.

“Look I had to have my eardrums busted by Peppers yelling, so I feel I have to find out why you thought it was ok too-”

‘Guess I’ll just look at that wall over there’ Tony thinks tiredly.

“So,” Peter says uncertainty, “We are spying on a diner?”

Not to mention his favorite diner. He hoped they weren’t criminals.

They had great french fries.

Hawkeye rolls his eyes and punches the teen's arm with the hand not holding binoculars. “*No*, we are spying on the *supervillain* inside the diner.”

“Oooh.”

...

“Why?”

“*Oh my god* ! If you don’t stop asking questions-”

A sharp look from the Black Widow shuts them both up.

Peter grumbles as he glares through his mask, the eyes automatically zooming in to get a better look at the windows. He couldn't help but wonder why they wanted his help to do surveillance on some random villain, usually, they avoided him at all-

Holy shit it's Tony.

“*Would you like me to alert Mr. Stark of our presence?*” Karen's questions innocently.

“No!”

Hawkeye and Black Widow both raised an eyebrow at his outburst.

“Uh, I, uh” Peter stutters, eyes scanning the diner for an excuse, “I uh, just noticed that, uhm- that person! They dropped their bite of pie!”

Black widow rolls her eyes and goes back to her binoculars while hawkeye squints disbelievingly.

“What?” Peter asks defensively. “I really like pie.”

“You’re weird.” Hawkeye declares. “But that's cool, makes this less boring.”

Peter is slightly surprised by that. He hadn’t expected easy companionship from the two. He’d always been intimidated by the group of heroes, black widow especially. He admired them of course but still shook in his boots at the thought of them.

Or maybe fear wasn’t the correct word. It was more like he admired them so much he was endlessly intimidated by them. They all just seemed so heroic.

So sitting here with the iconic duo, on a rooftop, watching *Tony Stark* was a little nerve-wracking. If he’d known this is what they wanted help with he wouldn’t have come. The last thing he needed right now was to watch Tony Stark go about his night while he was trying to banish any thoughts of him at the moment. Because if he was being honest with himself right now, he might feel a little bad for the things he said earlier.

“What a loser.”

He didn’t want to feel bad, he didn’t think he’d done anything wrong. He just didn’t want tony fighting his-

“What did you say?” Peter asks incredulously.

Hawkeye hums and leans towards Peter slightly, “I said what a loser.” He gestured vaguely towards the diner. “The mans a multi-billionaire, CEO of one of the biggest and wealthiest

companies in the world, almost, what, 40? And he's eating in some run-down diner with his bodyguard. Sad."

Oh.

Natasha hums, "Well life choices that are shit will get you a shit life. He should have thought more before sleeping with everything that moves and drinking away his life. And now look at him, a villain that barely does anything to hide it. A complete loser."

Oh.

This must have been somewhat how Tony felt earlier. If it was Peter decided he forgave him. Because hearing these people bad mouth a man they knew nothing about personally?

Set an inferno of rage off in the teen's head.

Tony dropped the container on the counter with a sigh. It was a pie. Coconut cream to be specific. Even more specific, it was Peter's favorite pie from his favorite diner.

The billionaire dropped onto his couch, leaning forward with his head cradled in his hands. Today had gone so terribly. He got scolded by pepper because he skipped a meeting, he saw Peter being bullied, saved him and then got scolded by him as well, and then had to have dinner with *Happy*. Which it wasn't like he didn't like Happy. The man just wasn't the greatest company when you were expecting to spend dinner with a nerdy teen. Not to mention the man literally never closed his mouth when chewing.

The man sits back with a sigh, hand waving absentmindedly in the air to bring up the hologram controls for the tv. Maybe there was something brain-numbing enough on that he'd be able to catch a few hours of sleep. If not he'd just retire to the lab for a while and tinker on something.

Any chances of sleep were brutally flung out of the window, however, when the door to the balcony was flung open by none other than Peter Parker in full Spider-Man gear.

"So I was *really* mad at you earlier," The teen says, pacing back and forth in front of the tv and the shocked billionaire. His mask is yanked off and now hangs from a clenched fist, "I have always hated when someone tries to fight my fights for me, not to mention, you are a freaking *supervillain*! Everyone knows it and you can't just go around threatening high school bullies! So of course when you just appear out of nowhere and get in Flash's face I'm going to be upset, but I suppose I might have overreacted a *little* bit."

Tony opens his mouth to respond.

"- *but!* I still think I'm mostly in the right. Or I did." Peter sighs before flopping down on the couch next to him. "Look, I just watched you have dinner with Happy- which he really needs to shut his mouth when he chews, it's gross.- And while watching I realized it was my favorite diner and that you were at my school so the two had to be connected, right?"

"Kid-"

"*So,*" the teen barrels on, "I'm watching because Black Widow and Hawkeye asked for help on a surveillance mission. I didn't know it was you until I got there I swear. But they started saying some things. Things I wasn't cool with that might have been about you."

Tony pauses from yet another attempt to interrupt. He squints at the vigilante who looks very

confused and distressed all at once.

“Pete,” He places a gentle hand on his shoulder, “are you alright? You look like you're about to cry-”

“Mr. Stark!” the shout surprises him, his hand sliding from the teen's shoulder as he turns to grasp both of the older man's shoulders. “You don't deserve it! They said terrible things about you, and they don't *even know you* ! It's not right and it isn't fair to you!”

A shocked laugh bursts out of the billionaire's mouth. “Kid I'm not exactly what you would call a good person, I probably deserved it-”

“No, you don't!” Peter snaps, eyes fiery and determined. “They don't know you! They only know what they think you've done, or what you act like according to others. That isn't you and it just infuriates me that they think they can talk like that and know nothing about you!”

“Are you ok? Why are you here anyway, do I need to call May-” Arms wrapped tightly around his shoulders.

Oh god, was this a *hug* ? He can't even remember the last time he was actually hugged. He couldn't even remember proper hugging etiquette, does he hug back or does the kid just want to hug him-

“Don't buy into what they say about you,” Peter's voice was muffled by Tony's shoulder, his hands gripped tight in the man's suit jacket. “They're *wrong* . I haven't known you long but a man who stopped fighting when he realized it was a teenager, came later to check on me, brought me get better donuts, groceries and helped me with a flooded bathroom isn't bad. The man who gave me gifts and chased me down because he was afraid I was cold isn't selfish. The man who helped me be a better hero, helped me when I was hurt, let me heal in his home, and defended me against a bully isn't wrong.”

Tony was in shock.

Peter pulls back, eyes bright with emotion. “You aren't evil Mr. Stark. I don't know why you do what you do but a man who gives so much without expecting anything back can't be evil. I won't believe it. You're good. I'm sorry I got upset with you for just trying to help. I shouldn't have left like that.”

It wasn't fair. *He* was supposed to be the one doing the comforting and apologizing. But here this teenager was, looking at him with such trusting eyes, telling him he was good. He couldn't remember the last time someone had said that to him, let alone with such confidence. It wasn't shocking that he started crying honestly. What else was he supposed to do? The day had been awful and now he was being told what he didn't know he needed to hear.

“Damn it, kid,” Tony grumbles arms wrapping around Peter, “you can't just show up and say all of that. I wasn't prepared.”

The boy snuffles into his shoulder, a pitiful *I'm sorry* blubbered into his shoulder. Tony laughs wetly and pats his back comfortingly. “Come on kid, no more tears. I think we've had enough. How about we eat our feelings away and watch a movie, huh? I got your favorite pie.”

“*That's even worse*” Peter wails in despair. “You're too nice, Mr. Stark!”

“Nah,” Tony mumbles, hand rubbing soothing circles into his back, “I think you just make me want to be better.”

A few minutes go by, the emotionally charged room needing time to wind back down. The room is quiet aside from the occasional wet sniff from both parties. After a while, Peter pushes back to wipe at his eyes, while Tony tries to do the same unnoticed.

“Let me go grab that pie, Pete. I'll be right back.” He pushes up from the couch, a hand ruffling the teenager's hair as he passes.

Peter watches him quietly as he gathers the plates and cuts two large pieces of pie before making his way back to the living room. Smiling softly Tony watches as Peter takes a big bite of the pie eyes lighting up at the taste. The rest of the night is spent in companionable silence, the tv playing some late-night show in the background. When the younger boy's eyes begin to droop Tony decides to have him stay at the tower rather than swinging back to Ned's house. After a few calls to Ned and May explaining the situation, Tony is ushering the sleepy teen to bed.

Tony smiles down at Peter as he snuggles up in the bed, a hand smoothing down the unruly curls. “Sleep tight bud, I'll see you in the morning,” Tony whispers, pushing up from the bed and making his way to the door.

“I meant what I said,” Peter calls sleepily, making the older man pause.

Tony turns and looks over his shoulder from the doorway.

“I know you did kid,” he smiles, “I did too. Goodnight.”

A happy hum is the only response he gets.

This had been one of the most draining days of his life.

Tony had never slept so well.

Chapter End Notes

Hope everyone enjoyed the chapter! Feel free to leave a comment and let me know what you think!

03/01/2021 Well hello! It's been over a year since I last updated and I'm not really updating a chapter right now so I'm sure that will disappoint a lot of you. I am sorry about that. Seeing all of the interaction this story has gotten has really made me happy and I often look back at comments when I'm feeling down to make me smile (I am an anxious person so I struggle to actually respond to comments). This past year has been crazy and I've had many life-changing things happen in that time frame to now. I won't get into the details but I'm very thankful to even be here typing this to you all. I have been re-reading this work trying to inspire myself to write more to the story and I have come to the realization that the tone I'm trying to write this story in, doesn't fit where I was trying to take it all. So I actually deleted chapter 14 and ended the story here in chapter 13. I feel like this chapter ends this story in the tone I'd like it to be ended. This story was always meant to be more light-hearted and more of a place to stretch my fingers when I have writer's block, but it's turned into one of my biggest sources of writer's block. I loved writing what I did but I found once I went past chapter 13 it was harder to get past because I had an idea for something to happen that really just didn't fit the rest of the story. I'm actually kicking around the idea of either rewriting this

story in a more serious tone (I'll leave this version up of course) and moving past this point in that version, or just writing a completely different story with that plot.

However, I do just want to make sure all of you know how much I value each and every one of you. When I posted this I never dreamed so many people would Like it and I'm very thankful you all did. Thank you so much for your patience and for taking the time to read my story.

Works inspired by this one

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!